THE CROSS

VOL. 49 NO. 1

MAY 1958

sixpence

ARE YOU AN ALCOHOLIC?

If you are (and even if you are not) read the Article on page 5

THE MOTHER OF GOD
Detail from Michelangelo's Pieta, St. Peter's, Rome

ABBOT COLUMBA MARMION
" He would do anything for Christ."

shouted something after me. I didn't get it, but it made the Conductor ask me about Abbot Marmion. He had never heard of him. I told him a little and he hoped he'd read something in the papers about him later on.

And yet Abbot Marmion was of the same Dublin as Matt Talbot. Matt was two years older. Their paths must have crossed many times in the area round the Jesuit Church in Gardiner Street when they were both in their teens. What a contrast in growing up! When Joseph Marmion left Belvedere College to study for the priesthood in the diocesan seminary at Clonliffe, he was sixteen, well educated, delicately reared in a family of four sisters and two brothers, solidly pious. Matt Talbot was eighteen then, illiterate with only two years' schooling. He was working as a labourer on the docks and was already a confirmed drunkard. When ten years later, in 1884, Matt went up to Clonliffe College to take the pledge that was to initiate him into a life of great holiness, Joseph Marmion had returned there as a priest to teach Philosophy and Greek. It would be interesting to know if these two, whose causes are now being considered for canonization, ever heard of each other or ever met.

IN the year 1874, the Marmion family were living at No. 2, Blackhall Street, just around the corner from Queen St., and William Marmion, the Abbot's father, is listed in the City Directory of the year as an Accountant. It was to that home he returned during the holidays from Clonliffe. Then in 1879 the Archbishop of Dublin, Mgr. McCabe, sent him to the Irish College in Rome where he completed his theological studies with distinction, winning the gold medal for general brilliance. He was ordained priest in June, 1881, and returned to Dublin where he was appointed curate of the parish of Dundrum. But he was not to remain at parochial work for long; in September, 1882, the Archbishop called him to Clonliffe to fill the chair of Philosophy.

During the next four years he proved himself a brilliant teacher, combining clarity of thought in exposition with an unwearying patience to make a difficult subject easy. In those years, too, he made his first efforts at directing souls when, as chaplain to Mountjoy Gaol, he tried to lift weak souls back on to the narrow way of the Cross; or as chaplain to the Redemptoristines on Iona Road he strove to make generous souls more generous still. Later as Abbot of Maredsous it was as director of souls and spiritual guide that he was to achieve world-wide renown.

His own spiritual life becoming more contemplative in character, he felt the impelling need of living as a religious under obedience; " I became a monk," he said later to a friend, " because God had revealed to me the beauty and greatness of obedience." So, in 1886, he resigned his professorship at Clonliffe and set out for Belgium to become a Benedictine Monk in the Abbey of Maredsous.

AT that time there was no Benedictine foundation in Ireland, and it was one of those seemingly chance happenings which led him to Maredsous. On his way home

to Ireland from Rome after his ordination he had visited the Abbey to see a young priest friend who had become a monk there. It left such a deep impression upon him—its solitude and prayerful silence—that it was there he returned when he heard God's call. He was given as patron the glorious Saint Columba; henceforth he would be known as Dom Columba Marmion, O.S.B. Except for a few brief periods he lived there for the next thirty-seven years as monk, and then, from 1909, as Abbot until his holy death on 30th January, 1923. During that long span of years he taught Theology to the young monks, gave conferences and retreats to his own brethren, to the religious of other congregations and to the priests of many Belgian and French Dioceses. His own life as a Benedictine became the ever more perfect fulfilment of Saint Benedict's simple, yet profound programme of sanctity: "Seek God sincerely." He sought God with ardour in everything he did, until slowly but surely his conferences and sermons became the living expression of his own interior life.

It may seem trite to say that Dom Marmion's way of holiness became simply—finding God in Christ. The Person and Mystery of Christ became the absorbing occupation of his life. The New Testament—and especially the Epistles of Saint Paul—burned like a sacred fire in his heart, till all self was consumed and Christ became his all. One of his brethren wrote of him later, "Dom Columba had his faults like any one of us, but he would do anything for Christ." The four great spiritual classics which are at once his testament and his monument, all have Christ in their titles: Christ the Life of the Soul; Christ in His Mysteries; Christ the Ideal of the Monk; Christ the Ideal of the Priest.

WE can conclude this article in no better way than encourage even the most timid reader of spiritual books to get the first two of these books and read them. Through them they will be led to a newer realisation of all that Christ should mean to them. They will also come to know Dom Marmion in a way that no biographer can depict him. They will find themselves eager to turn to invoke him, particularly in spiritual difficulties — and Dubliners, maybe, will find themselves turning in to kneel awhile in the Church of Saint Paul, Arran Quay, to pray for his Beatification.

May we end with a prayer taken from one of the books by "The Abbot from Dublin":

AN ACT OF FAITH

Lord Jesus Incarnate Word, I believe that Thou art God, True God begotten of True God.

I do not see Thy Divinity, but because Thy Father tells me: "This is My Beloved Son," I believe it. And because I believe it, I submit myself to Thee entirely, body, soul, judgment, will, heart, sensibility, imagination and all my energies.

I wish that the words of the Psalmist may be fulfilled in me, namely that all things may be subjected under Thy feet in homage.

I wish to follow Thee as my Chief and that Thy Gospel may be my Light and Thy Will my Guide.

I wish neither to think otherwise than as Thou thinkest, because Thou art the infallible Truth; nor to act without Thee, because Thou art the only Way to go to the Father; nor to seek my joy outside Thy will, because Thou art the very Fountain of Life. Possess me wholly, through Thy Spirit, for the Glory of Thy Father. Amen.

—o—

LET'S START AGAIN!

A friend of ours has submitted a letter received from a female admirer which he believes ranks as a classic among the love letters of our time. We reprint it in the interest of social science.

Dear John:

Words cannot express the deep regret I feel at having broken our engagement. Will you please come back to me? Your absence from my side leaves a void which no one can ever fill. Please forgive me and let us start again.

I love you. I love you. I love you.

Your ever adoring,
Sally.

P.S. Congratulations on winning the Irish Sweepstake.

Excuse the blunt question :—

Are YOU an ALCOHOLIC ?

If you are—and even if you are NOT—do read this telling article.

By P. O'BRIEN MAHONEY

AT present I am not, by the grace of God, an up and coming prospect for Alcoholics Anonymous. However, a few weeks ago, a friend, who had recently joined this organization, invited my husband and me to attend one of their open meetings. Feeling it to be only charitable that we show an interest in this friend's efforts at reform, my spouse and I very nobly went.

As we entered the hall, I found myself staring at the men and women around me. For the life of me, I couldn't see that they looked any different from other people. I wondered how, with their tempestuous pasts, they all managed to look so respectable.

At this point in my dubious deductions, the chairman opened the meeting with : " Fellow alcoholics ! " I shuddered at his seeming tactlessness. " Fellow lepers " wouldn't have sounded any worse, I thought. But when Father Damien addressed his diseased parishioners like that, he was pretty sure that he as well as they were incurable. As for the people here this night, I was under the impression that they were already cured of their disease. Why, then, keep reminding themselves of their past ?

Before the meeting was over, I was to learn that it is just this kind of thinking that makes the non-alcoholic so unsuccessful in helping the compulsive drinker change his ways. We simply do not understand.

MY lack of understanding showed up again when I felt jolted by the opening words of the first speaker. He said : " Ladies and gentlemen, I am an alcoholic. For three years now I have, with the help of God and A.A., been able to maintain complete sobriety."

So far, nothing I had heard seemed to make sense. In this instance, a man calls himself an alcoholic, and in the next breath, announces that he hasn't touched the " stuff " in three years ! " They must all have a martyr complex," I mumbled to myself.

My education was only beginning. The next thing I knew, the man on the platform was openly confessing all the alcoholic sins he had committed during his twenty-year drinking spree. What made me really sit up and take notice, though, was the fact that for every evil this gentleman revealed, he blamed not a single person, place, or thing but himself. As he said, " I refused to pay the price of adulthood which consists in an honest acceptance of responsibilities."

THEN, as he continued to draw a merciless picture of the physical and moral deterioration he experienced from intemperance, I became impatient to hear what caused the turning point in his career. I knew there had to be a turning point because the man had already told us he had been " dry " for three years.

" On seven different occasions," he said, " I affiliated myself with Alcoholics Anonymous, and just as many times I failed to make a go of it. You see, I refused to believe there was a Higher Power Who could help us overcome the evils within us. It was only after I realized my utter helplessness, that I began to wish I had the kind of faith I so frequently scorned in others.

" Oh, I didn't go so far as to pray—not at first. I merely *wanted* to believe in this Someone that others said had plenty of strength to dispel the darkness and misery to which I had now been reduced. Then it was that something happened which I cannot even yet understand. From the very moment I was conscious that I actually *wanted* to believe in God, I found I no longer doubted His existence ! It was only then that A.A. began to work for me. And I know that as long as I continue to rely on His Omnipotent Strength, I shall be preserved from ever again evaluating life in terms of the nightmarish distortions produced from intoxication."

What I had just heard was followed by the life stories of two more members. The pattern of their alcoholic existence was very much like that of the first speaker. They were simply unable to resist the urge to become intoxicated. Only when the time came that they honestly wanted to better their lives, while admitting their inability to do so alone, was their salvation already at hand. I was impressed.

AND to think, after all this, I was to overhear another visitor like myself give out with : " My, isn't it marvellous what modern psychology can do ! "

Modern psychology ! How could anyone see some new discovery of psychology in the method of moral rehabilitation employed by A.A. ! Even the noted psychiatrist, Dr. Harry Tiebout, declared before the American Society of Psychiatrists, " At first I was amazed and chagrined when A.A. accomplished a

IF YOU HAVE AN ALCOHOLIC

NINE **DO'S**

Learn the facts about alcoholism.
Develop an attitude to match the facts.
Talk to someone who understands alcoholism.
Take a personal inventory of yourself.
Go to a clinic or A.A.
Maintain a healthy atmosphere in your home.
Encourage your alcoholic's new interests.
Take a relapse lightly if there is one.
Pass your knowledge of alcoholism on to others.

change in a patient who was a failure under my therapy. Now I am amazed when the patient fails under the A.A. programme."

Medical science, too, has admitted its failure to obtain the effective and permanent kind of sobriety achieved by A.A.

The way I see it, Alcoholics Anonymous, though not by any means a religious organization, nevertheless embodies some of the same basic spiritual principles the Church has held for centuries. This is especially true with regard to man's need for absolute dependence on his Creator. For example, far back in the fifteenth century, St. Teresa of Avila declared that by herself she was incapable of doing anything, but with God's help she could do everything. And she did not say this in reference to any leaning she had toward alcoholism! In her case, it was her boundless trust in the strength of the Almighty that provided her with the courage to go out and build numerous convents despite her scant material resources.

St. Augustine, too, found it necessary to rely on God's help before he could change his life from that of a gross libertine to that of a spiritual giant.

In fact, everyone who ever became a saint did so by putting to practical use the first two basic principles found in A.A., namely a trust in Divine Power to help fallen nature overcome its evils and temptations, and a firm desire to be helped.

I BEGAN to realize that there was ancient wisdom in the seemingly "cured" A.A. member's constant reference to himself as an alcoholic. For the early Church Fathers taught the necessity of keeping past sins ever before the mind as a safeguard against a presumptuous attitude which could lead to relapses. So here, again, the success of A.A. cannot be ascribed to the discovery of some new formula for combatting man's ageless struggle with temptation.

Nor was the need for group therapy, as practiced by A.A., unheard of before our modern era. Nearly two thousand years ago there was a divine injunction instructing us to bear one another's burdens. This was carried out in the long history of religious communities which, to this day, continue to bear witness to the effectiveness of working together in groups as a way to facilitate progress toward spiritual goals held in common.

In addition, it was somewhat reminiscent for me, as a Catholic, to hear every speaker announce with almost childlike joy that, once he had overcome his intemperance, he happily found many others of his faults slipping away of their own accord. This struck me as a page right out of the religious life.

The most striking example of this was furnished by the final speaker of the evening. After telling of his sorrowful yesterdays and his wonderful to-days without alcohol, he charted a course for his happy to-morrows. In it he outlined a campaign in which he would work on just one predominant fault each year. As he said, "I have a lot to repay, and I can do it only by making myself more and more acceptable to God and my fellowman by seeking after perfection!" If this is modern psychology, then its chief purpose must be to make saints of us all.

NOW one does not become an authority on the problem of compulsive drinking after one visit to an A.A. meeting. But, by one of those strange paradoxes of life, it need take no more than this to make you an authority on some of your own shortcomings. This, I believe, was my experience. For you can't very well hear others give first-hand accounts

IN YOUR FAMILY . . . . .

NINE **DONT'S**

Don't preach and lecture to him.
Don't have a " holier-than-thou " attitude.
Don't use the " if you loved us " appeal.
Don't make threats you won't carry out.
Don't argue with him when he is drunk.
Don't hide his liquor or pour it out for him.
Don't make an issue over his treatment.
Don't expect an immediate, 100% recovery.
Don't try to protect him against alcohol.

of their sincere efforts to overcome their faults without wondering whether you yourself might be somewhat lax in seeing to your own spiritual housecleaning.

What happened in my case was that I found I actually envied the kind of humility so apparent in those who addressed us that night. Perhaps this was because I remembered our old philosophy teacher telling us that this virtue has several degrees. He said that one only begins to be humble when he acknowledges his complete dependence on Providence for everything. Then, he said, humility is increased when we reach the stage where we not only admit our faults, but also seek divine help in overcoming them. However, should we arrive at the point where we are willing that others know our faults, then we are in possession of one of the highest forms of humility. Those public confessions I heard seemed to fit right into this last category. No wonder I was envious.

WHAT aroused my envy even more was the fact that every time I felt like applauding one of those reclaimed drink addicts, my own conscience would start raising a hubbub over what I was doing to correct some of my own failings.

" But I don't drink ! " I kept protesting.

" So what ? " my conscience would parry. " Are you willing to have all these people here know about your predominant fault and how, up to now, you have made only half-hearted attempts to conquer it ? "

" Absolutely not ! " I sniffed, thereby cutting myself down to size.

" Then maybe your besetting sin is pride ! " exclaimed my tormentor triumphantly.

That did it. All of a sudden I saw that I was up against a long list of " what ifs." For instance, what if I really were proud ? In that case I might easily degenerate into one of those pharisaical characters whose pride is a far more evil thing than drunkenness.

THEN, too, what if I have faults which others mistake for virtues ? If so, their applause might generate in me a feeling of self-complacency which would be so blinding that it would be much more difficult to eradicate than would alcohol addiction. After all, the public scorn meted out to the intoxicated individual can well be a saving grace which fosters humility. This stems from the fact that drunkenness is a sin that shows its ugliness. What if I were harbouring some sin which, if seen in its true colours, would appear twice as loathsome !

By this time I was feeling mighty uncomfortable. Here I had come to encourage a friend in his efforts to improve his life, and I end up feeling challenged to " go thou and do likewise." I was wishing I could join some group that specialized in therapy for my kind of sins.

Then and there I came up with what I considered a great idea for the reform of non-alcoholics like myself. I would found an organization which would be called SINNERS ANONYMOUS ! Thus I could see one thief helping another thief stop robbing, one glutton getting another to go on a diet, etc.

But my " better half " says my plan won't work. He says that the majority of sinners are seldom as despised for their faults as are alcoholics. For this reason, he concludes, they'd not think it necessary to undertake the self-discipline required for overcoming them.

I could see his point. All of which makes the weakness of alcoholism appear to be one of those " happy faults " when out of it can come such strength of spirit as I witnessed that night in the inspired organization known as Alcoholics Anonymous.

WAY OF THE CROSS

REV. FR. LOUIS MARY, C.P.

THOSE pictures on the walls of your parish church may not be art-treasures. All the same, it would be a pity if that fact discouraged you from "doing the Stations," a devotion that could be so profitable to you. The purpose of the devotion is to help those of us who can never hope to visit the Holy Land to make in spirit a pilgrimage of penance to the places made holy by Our Lord's last painful journey on earth. Though it was not until the fifteenth century that anything like our Stations appeared, it had been the custom from very early times to visit these holy places. St. Jerome who lived in Palestine in the fourth century relates that crowds of pilgrims from many countries came on pilgrimage there, and according to an old tradition Our Lady used to visit daily the scenes of the Passion of her Divine Son.

Though it is the holiest street in the world, we must not let our imagination paint too "religious" a picture of the Via Dolorosa. "Every one of the senses is offended as one walks through the gloomy, ill-smelling lane," writes a modern pilgrim to the Holy Land. "In the hot season, if you have the misfortune to come up behind an Arab butcher's or baker's boy galloping at top speed on an overworked and underfed donkey, you are stifled by dense clouds of unwholesome dust, for lengthy stretches of the streets are not paved at all. After rain, on the other hand, the fetid mud clings to you with viscous tenacity and where you walk over the roughly cobbled sections, the surface of the road is so slippery that the feet have but a slender hold and progress is more of a slide than a walk."

THE actual road trodden by Our Saviour on His painful death-march now lies buried beneath the rubble of the centuries—varying in depth from four feet to eighty. It is safe to say, nevertheless, that the present Via Dolorosa follows fairly closely the line of the original. From the site of Pilate's judgement-seat the road runs westward past the Convent of the *Ecce Homo*, in the basement of which can be seen part of the huge paved courtyard where the Jewish mob gathered on the first Good Friday. Then the street slopes gently downwards into what, in Our Lord's time, was a deep ravine called the valley of Tyropaeon. At a street corner there is a half-ruined Armenian chapel marking the spot where, according to a very old tradition, Jesus was met by His Mother. When we reach the fifth Station the road turns sharply to the right and then slopes upwards to Calvary.

From here the street consists of a series of broad steps so that one need not expect to be delayed by the traffic except, of course, that of donkeys and camels. But this can be troublesome enough, for when a camel is heavily laden, as he often is, he can take up the entire width of the street. Calvary itself is now within the city but in the time of Jesus it was a piece of elevated ground situated outside the Ephraim gate, for according to Roman custom executions were carried out near a public road but outside the city walls. Even allowing for all the twists and turns of this lane of dilapidated houses, the whole journey to Calvary is not more than three-quarters of a mile, so that one can walk it in fifteen minutes.

BUT it took Our Lord much longer than a quarter of an hour. At eleven o'clock on that Friday morning the streets of Jerusalem must have been densely crowded for the following day was the great feast of the Pasch which brought pilgrims from all over the Jewish world. All was bustle and excitement: the country people just in to the market to sell their vegetables, haggling with the merchants about the price of their produce; housewives elbowing one another at the stalls in their eagerness to get their supply of bread and meat and wine before the great Sabbath. Through such shouting, gesticulating crowds, the warm midday Eastern sun beating down on Him, Jesus carried His cross to death. It was the Roman custom to lead the cross-laden prisoner through the busiest streets to

give greater publicity to the execution and at the same time strike terror into prospective trouble-makers. If the unfortunate wretch fell under his load he was helped to his feet with blows and kicks from his executioners; and as he continued on his way he was made the butt of many a cruel jest and sneering taunt from curious onlookers lolling at the doorways or crowding on to the roofs to watch the cortège pass.

First came a helmeted centurion on horseback. He was the second most important man in the procession—his job was to superintend the execution and certify the death of the prisoner. After him came Our Lord "bearing His own cross," guarded by the four soldiers who were to act as executioners; on His head He still wore the crown of thorns; around His neck was hung the board which boldly proclaimed to the world His name and the cause of His condemnation. Behind Jesus, surrounded by their "bodyguard," walked the "two other criminals" who were to be His companions in death. Perhaps there were other soldiers appointed to keep the crowds in order and prevent any attempt to rescue the prisoners. Bringing up the rear was a straggling crowd who, for want of something else to do, were going out to Calvary to see the spectacle of a crucifixion.

ARTISTS usually depict Our Lord carrying the complete cross—upright and crossbeam—and this may well represent the truth. But the more usual method was for the prisoner to carry the crossbeam only, the upright being permanently planted at the place of execution. This was the custom at least where crucifixion was common, and that the sight of men nailed to a cross was not an unfamiliar one in Palestine we may gather from the fact that during the boyhood of Jesus in Nazareth two thousand rebels were crucified in a neighbouring village. In order to prevent any attempt to escape, the crossbeam was generally tied with ropes to the prisoner's outstretched arms, but there would have been no need for this in Our Lord's case. We may assume He carried the beam on His shoulder.

It has been estimated that if Our Lord carried the complete cross His shoulder bore a weight of 300 pounds: the crossbeam alone would have weighed about 125 lbs. Even this lesser weight was considerable for one exhausted by suffering. As we "keep our eyes fixed upon Jesus" staggering and swaying under His heavy load we remember the dreadful sufferings of the last twelve hours: the sweat of blood in the garden; the vicious beatings before the Jewish court and during His sleepless night in prison; the tiresome coming and going between the courts of Caiphas and Pilate and Herod; the excruciating torment of the scourging; the savage cruelty of the thorn-crowning. It is not an exaggeration to say that already He was a dying man.

WE are not surprised when tradition tells us that several times He fell to the ground beneath His burden. The Gospels do not mention this, but it may be deduced from the fact that when the procession reached the city gates the centurion commandeered a man called Simon to carry the cross instead of Jesus. It was certainly no compassion for Our Lord that prompted the act: the centurion was afraid of getting into trouble if Jesus died on the road. It was perhaps after He was relieved of His burden that Jesus turned to speak to the women of Jerusalem who paid His innocence the tribute of their tears. But his words contained no message of comfort for Jerusalem: their city would be utterly destroyed because they had rejected Him Who was their Saviour. Mourning over His suffering was worthless if it did not lead them to mourn for their sin.

In our meditation on the wounds of Jesus we are inclined to forget the wounds caused by the carrying of the cross. On the Holy Shroud there are several significant details. On the right shoulder there is a large open wound superimposed on the marks of the scourging. "It would appear," writes Dre Barbet, "that some weighty body, and ony with a furrowed surface, and which was badly fastened, must have lain on this shoulder and have bruised, reopened and widened the wounds of the scourging through the tunic." On the left shoulder blade there are several smaller wounds which were caused, Dr. Barbet thinks, at the time of the falls when the beam slipped down the back. On both knees, but especially on the right, there are a number of wounds of varying size and with jagged edges.

"THE Pharisees," said Jesus, "fasten up packs too heavy to be borne and lay them on men's shoulders; they themselves will not stir a finger to lift them." Obedience to the Will of God as expressed in the law of Christ is also a burden—the Master called it a cross—but to the Christian it is a light load, because Jesus has touched it. And like other lowly things He touched, He has made suffering holy, has made it a channel of grace. Not only has He touched our burden—He carries it along with us.

THERE is such a tendency nowadays to regard the question of emigration as one of the greatest evils from which our country suffers and to look upon each and every person who leaves the shores of Ireland as being like a drop of blood that flows from the body of a wounded soldier, that it will inevitably come as no small surprise if I who am an exile should turn the spotlight for a few minutes on those who remain at home and try to take those who are accustomed to act the part of judges out of the judgment-seat and put them instead into the witness-box, where they have never stood before.

For you who have never left the shores of Ireland this article is penned. To you the questions that follow are exclusively addressed, and it is you—and you alone—who are, therefore, expected to give the necessary answers.

Thousands of our young people have emigrated, but

YOU'VE REMAINED AT HOME

This article has been written especially for you

PERHAPS you say that the majority of our exiles abandon the faith of their fathers soon after their arrival in England . . . . . that they throw to the winds the heritage which was preserved for them by " sweat and blood and tears." Perhaps you strike your breast and look up to Heaven and thank God that you, for your part, are not in the same boat as those poor, misguided creatures. Perhaps you reflect, with no small measure of pride, that you who have never left home have held on to the faith. You rejoice that you are regular in your attendance at Mass and the sacraments. You say your morning and night prayers. You give alms to the poor. You bring up your children in the fear and love of God. And, standing aloof in your sense of goodness and spiritual superiority, perhaps you look down your nose upon the vast concourse of others who have taken the emigrant-ship to foreign parts and who, according to report, are renegades to their country and renegades to their God.

Is there not a trace of the Pharisee about this attitude which many so lightly adopt? He, too, was a worthy man in his own eyes. He, too, fasted and prayed and gave tithes of all that he possessed. Yet, because he gloried in his own powers and because he spurned the Publican who, in spite of all his faults, was nevertheless very dear to the Heart of God, his prayer proved less meritorious than the prayer of him who frankly admitted his share of failings and imperfections.

PERHAPS you seek to give the impression that the majority of our exiles are weak and spineless creatures who, like poor straws, are blown hither and thither by every wind that blows. But have you ever paused to ask yourself the question whether you who remain at home really prove one jot stronger than they? You live in a Catholic country where religion is part and parcel of the daily life of the people. Your employer is a Catholic; your associates are also Catholics. Your film-fare is carefully censored. Are you not, therefore, comparatively free from temptation? Wherein lies even the smallest snare to lead you from the Ancient Faith?

But just for a moment suppose you were suddenly transplanted from the serenity of home to a great industrial city in the heart

BY BARRY O'ROURKE

of England, where materialism and agnosticism were the order of the day! Suppose you had to live in cold and cheerless " digs," where you were forced to share a room with three or four others! Suppose you had to work side by side with would-be-erudite associates who aired their views day after day and hour after hour and opined that no-one but a fool would bother his head about religion or the things of the spirit! Would there not be some temptations there? Would there not be the feeling that, while one is in England, one should go with the crowd? Might there not be the tendency to leave your cold and cheerless " digs " of a winter's evening and seek the friendly shelter of a comfortable public-house? Might there not be the thought that, after all, these associates of yours were well-educated—come to think of it, far more educated than you ever were, since they had been to posh Public Schools, and you had only covered the fifth book in the Primary Department? Might it not occur to you that their philosophy was much more easily practised than the rigid religious code to which you were forced to adhere, and that it might indeed be sensible to give their philosophy a trial?

AH, such are the temptations and the wiles and the pitfalls that lie on either side of the road of exile! The world, the flesh, and the devil call out to the wayfarer; and it is only people like myself who have travelled

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT
The sufferings endured by the Holy Family in Egypt bring them close to the heart of our exiles.

that road who fully realise the sturdiness of the vast majority of our emigrants in ignoring the primrose path and in clinging so tenaciously to the Pearl Without Price which their ancestors have handed down to them.

But—talking about you—what have you ever done to try to keep even one of those exiles from going abroad? You have spoken about emigration, I grant you; but mere words are surely drab and inadequate when applied to this particular problem. What is sorely needed is a source of employment that will give the young people of Ireland a decent means of livelihood. Did you for your part ever endeavour to place even one of our exiles in a suitable job at home? Did you ever seek to make conditions at home so attractive that the eyes of our young men and young women would not necessarily have to turn to the island on the eastern side of the Irish Sea?

"THE opportunity wasn't mine," you answer; and I am willing to believe you. But you must also believe me when I say that I have heard of numerous cases where Irish employers could have given their employees a decent wage, but would not. I have heard of farmers who gave their grown-up sons a couple of shillings a week and expected them to work on the holding from dawn till dusk, day in, day out, for this wretched pittance. Parenthood has its responsibilities as well as its prerogatives. No-one will deny the obligation of children to look after their parents' interests as long as it is necessary to do so; but no-one, on the other hand, would be so foolish as to place the burden entirely on the children's shoulders. I have heard of shopkeepers who took in young boys and girls as apprentices and then dispensed with their services as soon as they were entitled to earn a wage. I have heard of maids who were hauled over the coals by arrogant mistresses for even the slightest offence; and, when they ventured to put in a word in their own defence, were sharply reminded that they had forgotten their position—that they were nothing more than "domestic-servants."

You talk about our exiles frequenting the public-houses of Birmingham and Manchester. Shall I also remind you that the crowded public-houses in Ireland are an equally-unpleasant sight? Shall I inform you that during my eleven years in England I have never seen a person under the influence of drink? And shall I cap the climax by adding that I have seen during a certain Irish race-week last summer at least a score of people in a drunken condition?

YOU assure me that all is not as it should be with our exiles over in England. Might I be so bold as to suggest that all is not exactly as it should be within the four fields of Ireland? "Physician, heal thyself!" might very aptly be said to many an individual who so glibly points out the errors of the exiles' ways.

Would it surprise you to know that I have come across in the streets of Ireland's capital no less than half-a-dozen self-styled Communists? Would it amaze you to learn that quite a few would-be-bright young sparks in my native Galway never go to Mass or the Sacraments? Would it shock you to know that in a railway-compartment between Limerick and Cork I heard a certain woman (Heaven forbid that I should call her a lady!) who had never left Ireland level the venom of her criticism against the clergy in general and declare to all and sundry that "religion was a racket"? And the remarkable thing about it

all was that not one of the other passengers showed the slightest inclination to silence her until I made it quite clear to the misguided woman that she didn't know what she was talking about!

I LOVE Ireland. I love it with all the fervour of my heart. No matter where I go, its kindly skies and healthy hills are always dear to my soul. But my love for Ireland does not blind me to the fact that there are among those who have never taken the emigrant-ship some who are no credit to their country and no credit to their race.

I also love our exiles. I love the courage that shines in their eyes and the hope that wells up within their souls. Some of our exiles, I grant you, do fall by the wayside; but I feel sure that even those few return like travel-stained Prodigals to their Father's House. Like many another before them, they understand that it may be easier to live outside the Catholic Church, but that it is infinitely better to die within it. And the vast majority of our exiles never cease to carry the banner of Patrick and Brigid and Columcille into the factories and hospitals and building-centres where they work and through the streets of the cities where they live. It is their humble contributions that enable the priests of Britain to eke out some kind of a livelihood. Their humble contributions, too, have helped to erect churches and cathedrals throughout the length and breadth of the land.

YOU advise our exiles to look into their hearts and their souls. I should advise certain people who have never been tainted by exile to take some time in looking into their hearts and souls as well. And even the upright and the sincere can do something far better and more meritorious in the sight of God than harping on the faults of their exiled compatriots.

You can seek by your efforts to keep even one would-be emigrant at home. You can seek by your efforts to make life at home more attractive and worthwhile for your countrymen. And finally you can make sure by the wholeheartedness of your own approach to the problems of our native land that the scourge of Communism will never lash Ireland as it has unfortunately lashed many another Catholic nation in the past, and you can remember that those who stray from the Fold at home are just as important as those who may stray from the Fold abroad.

BEFORE you come down from the witness-box, I should like to put you the questions that run like a silver thread through all the foregoing piece. Are you the Pharisee that gloried in his own strength and self-sufficiency? Or are you the Good Samaritan who in a quiet, unobtrusive sort of a way endeavoured to help a neighbour in distress? Not without reason do I ask the questions. Too many who talk about our exiles are no better than Pharisees. Too few look upon our emigrants with the charity of the Good Samaritan.

I can only hope that some out of all the thousands of my readers can honestly look into their own hearts and truthfully say that in their hearts, they can see some trace of the Good Samaritan, but not a vestige of the self-sufficient, conceited Pharisee.

A CONVERT'S COMMENT

Eric Sokolsky, son of the well-known newspaper columnist George Sokolsky, in writing of his conversion from Judaism to Catholicism in the "Catholic Digest," says:

"I used to go to Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. I had no idea of what the Church taught. I knew only that its ritual was warm, majestic, powerful. Going to Mass, especially solemn Mass, at St. Patrick's became a thrilling experience for me. For the first time, I felt that I was in the presence of God."

What a contrast in spiritual appreciation from the "born Catholic" who at times rings the parish house on a Saturday night and asks, "Which is the high Mass to-morrow, Father?" not wishing the information so that he can "attend" the Mass but so that he can "avoid" it.—Msgr. J. P. Kiefer.

HAVE YOU BEEN SENDING
YOUR COPY OF
THE CROSS
TO YOUR RELATIVES
OR FRIENDS IN BRITAIN?

LATELY DECEASED

Readers' prayers are asked for the following:—

Mother Paulina, C.P.
Walter Cantwell
Dermot Kennedy
Vincent A. Hassan
Bridget Fox
Josephine Morgan
Kate Kirwan
Margaret M. Brodie

Maybe you have listened to the sponsored radio programme of

THE SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS

But who are they ? The answer is here provided by SHANE O'HANLON of the Catholic Library Information Bureau

WHETHER we like it or not, commercial broadcasting is an established feature of our time. Sponsored programmes, skilfully baiting their advertising matter with attractive music, popular variety and sports features, seek insidiously to catch our ear and to mould our mind. Patent medicines, cosmetics, television sets, all have thus been publicised. Inevitably, "commercial" religions have turned to the radio to bring their wares into our homes. As one such programme is being beamed regularly to this country by the Seventh-Day Adventists, a word about that obscure sect seems opportune.

The first Adventist was William Miller (1782-1849), an uneducated American farmer who took to Bible reading and got wrapped up in the idea of the Second Coming or Advent of Christ. As a result of his unguided study of the Scriptures he became convinced that the world would end on 10th December, 1843. To warn mankind, he enlisted 500 lecturers and, with them, preached his message in hundreds of American towns. Such was his enthusiasm that tens of thousands accepted his views. Crops were abandoned or given away and his followers waited for the expected Advent of Christ. When his prediction failed, he essayed another prophecy, and, blaming a mathematical error for the first fiasco, he advanced the date to March, 1844, and then to October, 1844.

FALSE prophet though he was, Miller seems to have been sincere. After the third "Great Disappointment" he admitted that his theory was wrong and washed his hands of the whole movement. There Adventism would have perished but for a follower who had shared his faith, but lacked his mental robustness and sincerity of view. The survival of the 'creed' was due to the efforts of Mrs. Ellen G. White, an illiterate and neurotic young woman who had been one of Miller's most ardent disciples.

Facts had to be explained away or perverted. To do this, Mrs. White announced that God, in a vision, had informed her that Christ *had* come to fulfil the prophecies. Not to earth—there Miller had misunderstood!—but into "the second chamber of His sanctuary" to judge all mortals, living and dead. When this "judgment" was completed, the great day of the "Second Coming" would dawn.

William Miller never subscribed to this face-saving concept and, indeed, roundly condemned it, but some of his erstwhile followers clung to the explanation.

FROM the beginning, Mrs. White claimed to be inspired, and maintained that the Holy Spirit spoke through her vocal organs as through the prophets of old. The language in which her pronouncements were made, however, needed considerable editing and she had to employ a professional writer to correct grammatical errors and impart coherence and style. Of these embellished writings she asserted: "These books are truth and they are righteousness. To deny this would be to deny the Holy Ghost."

A more prosaic explanation of her "visions" can be found in her own account of a serious injury to her head when a girl, from which fainting and epileptic fits ensued. Dr. W. Russell, chief physician in a Seventh-Day Adventist Sanatorium at Battle Creek, wrote in 1869 that Mrs. White's visions were the result of a diseased condition of the brain or nervous system.

Miller had shown how gullible men could be. His successor confirmed that some men will never learn by experience. As her "visions" grew more startling, the number of her credulous disciples increased. From many Protestant sects came adherents, some bringing pet doctrines of their own which gradually became assimilated into a strange new "theology."

AS with other Protestant sects, Adventists based their tenets at the outset on belief in the Bible only and in salvation by faith alone. But, under the guidance of Mrs. White, they rapidly moved away from these concepts. Mrs. White's writings assumed greater significance than the Scriptures and she herself expressly rejected the idea of salvation by faith alone. "Those who accept the Saviour," she wrote, "however sincere their conversion, should never be taught to say or feel that they are saved. This is misleading."

Seventh-Day Adventists claim to believe in the Divinity of Christ, though their other doctrines implicitly deny it. They insist on baptism by immersion. Devotion to bodily health is part of their religion and a prerequisite

to salvation. The prophetess herself wrote (" Testimonies for the Church ") :—

> We bear a positive testimony against tobacco, spirituous liquors, snuff, tea, coffee, flesh meats, butter, spices, rich cake, mince pies, a large amount of sugar and all sweet substances used as articles of food.

ACCORDING to the Adventists, man's soul is not naturally immortal. Mrs. White adopted the belief (held at one time by Luther and Wycliffe) that, at death, the soul remains in a suspended animation until the General Resurrection. At a first resurrection, only Christ's chosen ones will be raised from the dead, all wicked humans and all evil spirits will be " annihilated " and the earth will be reconditioned into a suitable eternal home for the saved.

The doctrine of the suspended animation of man's soul after death was declared by Mrs. White to rest upon " the fundamental error of natural immortality, a doctrine opposed to the teaching of the Scriptures." Unfortunately for her, however, the very Scriptures upon which she leans teach clearly that the soul is immortal. Christ Himself told the parable of the rich man, Dives, who, after death, was granted a vision of Lazarus in heaven. To the penitent thief on Calvary He promised, " This day thou shalt be with me in paradise "—a promise of immediate and conscious bliss. " Fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul," said Our Lord, indicating that the soul is not mortal.

THE idea that the devils and wicked souls will be " annihilated " after the Last Judgment is no less contrary to the explicit word of Holy Scripture, which warns us (Matt. 25 : 46) that, on the Last Day, impenitent sinners " shall go into everlasting punishment."

The outstanding doctrine of the new religion is the observance of a seventh-day sabbath. Saturday, the seventh day, was set aside for worship by the law of Moses and was observed by Christ Himself, while Sunday worship they claim, was a second-century innovation without Biblical authority.

" The sign or seal of God is revealed in the observance of the seventh-day sabbath, the Lord's memorial of creation," says Mrs. White. " The mark of the beast is the exact opposite of this—the observance of the first day of the week." Those who accept this " mark of the beast " are threatened with perdition. Adventists deny that there is any scriptural authority for the change of sabbath to the first day of the week. They ignore texts such as Acts XX, 7 : " And on the first day of the week, when we were assembled to break bread, Paul discoursed . . . . . " St. Paul, indeed, classes the seventh-day sabbath as an integral part of a superseded law which Christ nailed to His Cross (Col. ii, 14). Mrs. White, however, blandly contradicts Paul : " I saw that the sabbath commandment was not nailed to the cross."

Christian writers of the years immediately succeeding apostolic times provide abundant testimony as to the observance of the " Lord's Day "—a day distinct from the Jewish sabbath. The Didache, or Teachings of the Apostles, a document of early practice, says : " On the Lord's own day, gather yourselves together to break bread and give thanks." Barnabas wrote, in A.D. 74 : " We keep the Lord's Day with joyfulness—the day on which Jesus rose from the dead."

IF the New Testament insists anywhere that Christians are obliged to observe a Saturday sabbath then, admittedly, the Catholic Church is in error. In fact, of course, the New Testament teaches nothing of the sort ; rather is its message the abrogation of the Jewish dispensation in favour of the New Law established by Christ.

Such a strange religious hotch-potch could not appeal generally, and the numbers of Adventists are, understandably, low. " Time " (31st Dec., 1956), gave their numbers as 1,006,218 baptised members and 1,320,883 Sabbath-school members in the entire world. There are some 10,000 practising members in Britain, from which country missionary groups have been sent to win over Irish men and women to their strange creed.

ONE might expect that, like the Jehovah Witnesses with whose religion they have some common beliefs, the Seventh-Day Adventists would number in their ranks the lunatic fringe and lowest strata of society. This is not the case, however. Adventists may patently lack discernment in their religious beliefs but, as a body, they are well-to-do.

Like the Jehovah Witnesses, the central organisation of the Adventists reaps a lucrative harvest from huge sales of publications and periodicals. To increase the sales of this perverting literature and thereby to swell their incomes, the leaders of the religion are constantly endeavouring to gain new adherents.

We can hope and pray that the Faith which Patrick brought to Ireland will never be supplanted by the commercialised substitute for religion evolved by Mrs. White and her successors.

ANY QUESTIONS?

CONFESSIONAL PROBLEM

A priest in the confessional asks certain questions of a penitent who is in the state of mortal sin. The penitent answers wrongly and leads the priest to believe that the sins are more serious than they really are. Is this a bad confession?—I.M. (Dublin).

In many cases of this sort, when the penitent "answers wrongly," he does so as a result of nervousness or over-anxiety and with little or no deliberation. Obviously such a penitent would not be guilty of making a sacriligeous confession. But if the wrong answer was given knowingly and deliberately, the case must be considered in an altogether different light. If the priest's question was intended to help him to discover the nature or number of mortal sins committed (moral or theological species), then deliberate deception on the part of the penitent would result in a sacriligeous confession. Deliberate deception concerning unimportant details would not invalidate the absolution, but would, of course, render the penitent guilty of lying.

LAY BAPTISM

I know that a Catholic lay person can baptise, but if the lay person is not a Catholic, is the Baptism all right?—X.L. (London).

Yes. Any human being, sinner or saint, Jew, infidel, pagan or Christian, can baptise validly provided he or she has the intention of doing what the Church does (Trent S.7, c.12). Such a one can baptise lawfully also if there is danger that the person to be baptised may die before the Sacrament can be conferred in the manner prescribed in the Ritual. The point was settled in the middle of the third century by Pope Stephen (254-7). His decision was conveyed in the famous statement: "Let there be no innovation except what has been handed down." While the wording of this sentence is hardly perfect, its meaning is abundantly clear.

BAPTISM AGAIN

According to the doctor, my baby was born dead, but a Catholic nurse in the hospital baptised it, and the baby received Christian burial. What kind of Baptism was this?—'Worried' (Co. Tyrone).

If the baby was *really* dead, there was no Baptism at all, for it is impossible, according to Catholic doctrine, to administer any Sacraments to the dead. But the nurse acted in the hope that possibly the infant was still alive, even though, to all appearances it was dead. If the baby was really still alive, it received the full benefits of the Sacrament of Baptism. As this condition may have been fulfilled, the baby was given the benefit of the doubt and was given Christian burial.

GOOD LIVING

A non-Catholic neighbour of mine has put me this question: Why is it that Catholics are not taught good living instead of being told to go to Mass week after week. What should I answer to this?—R.T.M. (Belfast).

Without wishing to give offence, may we say this: it does seem extraordinary that you had to think twice about the answer you should give to such a simple question. In dealing with your friend, you should deny flatly that the Catholic Church is indifferent to truth and good living. Let him ask his Catholic friends who do attend Mass what they are taught, instead of making prejudiced guesses.

FREQUENT COMMUNION

May one lawfully receive Holy Communion a number of times over a period of several weeks without going to Confession as long as one is free from mortal sin?—'Reader' (Louth).

Yes. Confession becomes indispensably necessary as a preparation for Holy Communion only when one has had the misfortune to commit mortal sin. Otherwise, one may receive Holy Communion as often and for as long a time as one wishes without going to Confession. One is advised to go to Confession frequently, however, even though not in mortal sin, for the Sacrament of Penance confers its own special sacramental grace, with which one can ill afford to dispense.

BLESSED LINEN

I have a small piece of linen, carefully wrapped up and marked "Blessed Linen." Could you please tell me what this is and why it is so called?—'Kingdom' (Co. Kerry).

It is obvious that an answer to this question must be in the nature of a surmise. Many articles may receive the blessing of the Church, for there is included in the Ritual a form of blessing "ad omnia" (for all things, i.e., unspecified objects). We might therefore conclude that some member of your family had this piece of linen blessed by a priest, possibly on the occasion of some illness, and afterwards preserved it in a spirit of devotion.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

When the Stations of the Cross are taken down for the painting of a chapel, is it necessary to have them blessed again?—M.M. (Glasgow).

"If for any reason the crosses are removed, but restored again to their places, neither a new erection nor the blessing is required to gain the indulgences. The same crosses may be changed about from place to place in the same church to secure better arrangement." *Matters Liturgical*, Wuest-Mullaney.

DENIS O'MOORE *reminds us that because a child is . . .*

YOUNG ONLY ONCE

. . . his childhood holds vast potentialities for good and evil, for time and eternity.

A GRIEF-STRICKEN mother bowed her head in shame, and shed copious tears into the handkerchief which she held to her face.

"Why should this happen to me?" she demanded hysterically. "Oh, why should this happen to me?"

The scene has become an all too common one in the present generation. A courtroom packed to capacity. A calm-voiced judge proceeding to pass sentence. A jury who had just given in a verdict of "guilty." And in the dock a young man of twenty, with "crew-cut" hair, Teddy-boy outfit, and an expression on his face that seemed to indicate that he wasn't at all displeased by the fact that he had merited the attention of the Law and that he had gained for himself the insignia of the world of crime.

IT isn't often that I care to put in an appearance in a court of law, but I was there that morning. I was there because the prisoner in the dock had once been a pupil of one of my colleagues. I was there because for a long time past I had known that such a scene was bound to take place and because I wanted to see how the prisoner's mother would react. For deep down in my heart I knew that the young man in the dock was not entirely the person to blame, but the mother who stood idly by, weeping and lamenting the ill-fortune that had come her way.

"Why should this happen to me?"

I sighed involuntarily as I listened to the question. For behind that question I understood that a whole series of other words kept lurking. And in her own mind that weeping woman was undoubtedly doing her level-best to salve a guilty conscience.

"I did all that any mother could possibly do for Tony," that woman was possibly saying to herself. "I tried to make life easy and comfortable for the boy. I loved him with a deep and totally unselfish love. I never deprived him of anything that might be within my power to give him. I gave him the best of clothes. I gave him all the pocket-money he needed. I never said 'No' to any of his wishes. I was never a spoil-sport to any of his plans. And now to think how badly he has let me down! Oh, it is unthinkable—unthinkable!"

I CLOSED my eyes for the fraction of a minute in order to wipe out that sorrowful scene; and, as I did so, another scene loomed up before my mental vision, and I could see that same woman, with anger on her face and venom in her voice, rebuking the colleague of mine whom I have previously mentioned, simply because he had ventured to "tell Tony off." Tony was not the same as the general run of boys, she had insisted. He never needed a scolding. There was no point in reprimanding him when he was—and always had been—a paragon of all the virtues.

How long was it now since that had happened? I found myself wondering. Eight years, maybe! And in the interim Tony had got his own way, without let or hindrance, from that senseless and doting mother. If he wanted to stay in bed on a Sunday morning, he was allowed to do so. If he felt inclined to see an objectionable film, he was not prevented. If he wished to stay out late at night, not the slightest obstacle was placed in his way.

SO what had happened in school had gone on unchecked throughout the years. Tony was encouraged to do exactly as he liked. He was permitted to tread the path of his own whims and fancies. And, if anybody dared suggest that he needed a little restraint, his foolish mother would invariably retort that he would be young only once. (Needless to say, it is sometimes the father who is thus foolish).

Young only once! How true it was! But I for my part clearly understood that

MADONNA AND CHILD

The loving obedience tendered by Jesus to His Mother was the most sublime example of obedience the world had ever seen.

his being young only once made it all the more necessary to be extra careful about the boy. He would be young only once; so now was the time to do all that was possible for the sound formation of the lad's character. Now was the time for instilling into his heart a desire for all that was noble and good. And now was the time to help him to plant his feet firmly on the path of uprightness and goodness and to acquire those habits which would remain with him all the days of his life.

YES, Tony would be young only once; but during his youth he fell in with the hoodlums of the city streets. He followed the example which they so cheerfully set him. He imbibed the notion that it was foolish to work. He learned their dictum that dishonesty was the best policy. So he took to theft. At first, indeed, it was no more than petty pilfering; but the habit grew with the years. And it was like the story of the man who started with "a sip out of the bottle" and ended up a hopeless drunkard, or the story of the lady who started on the path of mendacity with nothing greater than what she was pleased to term "a white untruth" and ended up a confirmed liar. On the eve of his twentieth birth day Tony planned to pull off what he imagined would turn out to be the *coup* of a lifetime; but at the last moment his plans went wrong, and the inevitable results followed.

"Why should this happen to me?"

Again I looked across at that grief-stricken mother, and the answer to her question went rippling through my heart.

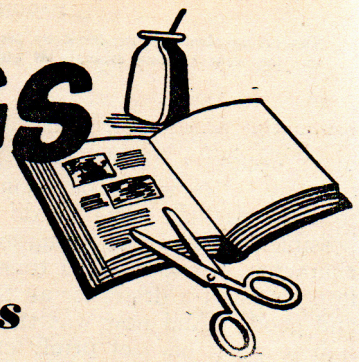
"It happened to you," I found myself thinking, "because you were never worthy of being a mother, in the first place. You toyed with the responsibilities which God entrusted to your care. You formed the mistaken impression that your boy could never be in the wrong. You failed to be firm, because firmness might have caused you a moment's discomfort. You failed to say 'No,' because it was easier and more pleasant to be able to say 'Yes'—even though in your heart you realised that it would have paid dividends to give a negative decision. You let your son drift along to his heart's content, and it is you—more than he—who is to blame for the sorry mess that he has made of his young life."

I LEFT the courtroom that morning with my heart full of thought. And, as I went, I was thinking how dearly I would like to be able to bring the moral of that scene home to the minds of fathers and mothers the world over. I would like them to realise that the responsibility that rests on their shoulders is a by-no-means-easy one and that the manner in which they carry out their responsibilities will, in large measure, decide the paths which their children will tread. I would like them to remember that their sons and daughters will be young only once, and that—once they have grown up—there will never again be the chance of moulding their characters and of eradicating the faults which those in authority were foolish enough to allow to fester during the crucial and formative years.

Cruelty or harshness there must never be, but the father or mother who cannot say "No" and mean it, is not worthy to be blessed with children.

Current and Catholic

CLIPPINGS



for our Readers

POLISH LOYALTY

In an old issue of LEAVES, we found an amazing picture of a crowd scene. Beneath the following commentary appeared :

The photo may at first sight be puzzling to our readers, because it seems to represent a field of flowers, or perhaps a pebble-beach—but it is neither. It is a partial view of what is probably *the largest single gathering of people in the recorded history of mankind.* Some experienced observers at the scene estimated the number of people present at one million ; others even said two million. One veteran European news correspondent could only describe the size of the crowd as " terrifying in its immensity." The consensus of opinion of cool observers placed the estimated number at " probably a million and a half."

This breath-taking scene took place on August 26, 1956, at " Jasna Gora," the monastery-shrine of Our Lady of Czenstochowa, in south-western Poland. It was a tremendous demonstration of unity of Faith and devotion to their Heavenly Queen by the Catholic people of Poland.

" MADE, NOT BORN "

There is a gentle rebuke for all of us in this brief excerpt from an article which appeared in a recent No. of THE WORD :

Ill-health dogged Bernadette all those 13 years in the convent : asthma, rheumatism, tuberculosis. The days she was not ill herself she spent in nursing others, and she was an excellent infirmarian. *Always gentle and kind* says one of her patients, *she kept smiling through her own fatique and mothered us with untiring and affectionate care.* She knew well how important it was to keep her patients in good spirits, so she used to distract them by telling them little stories. To cheer them up she had only to give rein to her natural vivacity ; for she was one of those friendly saints, who never put on airs and graces and who loathe hypocrisy. By temperament she was rather stubborn and hot-tempered, but, for the most part, she succeeded in keeping herself well under control. Saints are made, not born, and the journey from the baptismal font to the altar of canonization is a long and weary one. But with the help of God's grace Bernadette achieved what most of us only admire from afar. Bit by bit she became more humble, more obedient, more kind, until she reflected in herself, as clearly as a mere creature could, the virtues of the Lady who had appeared to her beside the River Gave in 1858.

SAD HISTORY

It is now a matter of sad history that the Bishop of Prato was sentenced by an Italian court for naming as public sinners two Catholics who had refused to be married in church and had contracted a civil union. The treatment of the Bishop was, of course, a flat denial of the Church's divinely instituted guardianship of the seven Sacraments. We have culled the following paragraphs from THE CATHOLIC TIMES. They serve to reveal the circumstances which led to the Bishop's courageous action.

The background of the case is interesting, and suggests a deliberate effort to force the Bishop of Prato to take the action he took.

A militant Communist, say some, an ex-Communist, say others, fell in love with a Catholic girl, and the girl with him. He would not marry her in church. Her people asked the bishop to reason with her. She would do only what her fiancé wanted, and no amount of argument had any weight with her.

The wedding might have been a queit one. But no. The date chosen was the feast of the Assumption. The restaurant chosen for the reception was in the Cathedral Square and, as though in bravado, the couple stood in front of the Cathedral to receive the congratulations of their friends.

The flaunting of ecclesiastical rules was blatant and scandalous and, as the Bishop said afterwards in a written statement : " The Catholics of the parish of Soccorso (the girl's parish) were gravely disturbed by all these proceedings . . . Therefore, to prevent a repetition of similar sad cases involving young Catholic women who at the last moment contract a civil marriage, it was deemed necessary to intervene and make a statement in strong terms to the faithful, inviting them to take their choice : either they intend to remain Catholics and cannot contract a civil marriage, or they contract a civil marriage and accept the fact that they are no longer considered faithful members of the Church."

NEW APOSTOLATE

In a recent issue of THE UNIVERSE we found this amusing reference to a new form of the Jesuit apostolate :

Fr. Andre Gorman, of Lille, France, calls himself a " dam Jesuit."

For he is not only a Jesuit, but a qualified hydraulics engineer who has made his speciality dams and reservoirs.

After completing his tertianship at the Jesuit house in Auriesville, New York, he is now on his way to the University of Bangkok, in Thailand, where, with five other Jesuits, he will teach Catholic students.

During his stay in America he toured the country studying dams and other engineering works.

When studying theology in the Philippines, he also learned Chinese.

INFALLIBLE PRINT !

To THE FATHER MATHEW RECORD are we indebted for this wry tale which carries its own quite obvious moral—and a sobering moral it is for anyone who deals in printer's ink !

It is human nature to believe more readily what one sees in print than what one learns by word of mouth. A newspaper editor said to his housekeeper one morning, " I think we'll have a good potato crop this year."

" No such thing," asserted the housekeeper, " I think the crop will be poor."

Ignoring her remark, the editor proceeded to his office and had inserted in the evening paper his estimate of the crop situation.

That night when he returned home, he found the housekeeper waiting for him with a sheepish grin on her face and a copy of the paper in her hand.

" I was wrong," she said apologetically, " it says here in the paper that the crop will be excellent this autumn."

WHITE AND BLACK

Bishop Fulton Sheen's interest in the black and coloured races is well known. At a recent meeting in New York, he developed a theme which has long been dear to his heart. We quote from THE STANDARD :

The power of the world, political, economical, social and military, is passing to the East. The future continent of the earth is Africa. In 150 years from now Africa will be industrially as the United States is to-day, said Most Rev. Dr. Fulton J. Sheen, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, addressing a meeting of U.S. national leaders in New York.

We of the West, he went on, have been superior, but not because we have been Christian. The moment we lose that faith we lose our superiority. God has played on the white keys long enough ; and in the future, God will play on the black keys to produce a new melody and a new culture.

Already the anti-God forces of the Soviets have won over some of their Governments, and largely because we have been silent on the fundamental difference between them and the Soviets. Islam can be made sympathetic to the free world more by recognising its belief in God than by mere economic aid which ignores that belief.

Because of our insistence on the economic we have placed ourselves on the same level as the anti-God forces.

A GENTLEMAN

This telling pen-picture caught our eye as we glanced through a copy of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST :

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, had a hearty, virile personality, but he also had a great sense of delicacy where other persons' feelings were involved.

He once paid a visit to George Meredith, the novelist, when Meredith was old and infirm. Meredith suffered from a nervous complaint that caused him to fall occasionally. The two men were walking up a path toward Meredith's summerhouse, Conan Doyle in the lead. He heard the old novelist fall behind him.

Conan Doyle did not turn ; he strode on as if he had heard nothing. He had judged correctly from the sound that the fall was a " mere slither " and could not have hurt Meredith. An instant later, Meredith caught up with him.

" He was a fiercely proud old man," Conan Doyle later explained, " and my instincts told me that his humiliation in being helped up would be far greater than any relief I could give him."

Of this perfect assist, which consisted of doing nothing, Christopher Morley has remarked, " I can think of no truer revelation of a gentleman than that."

YOUR RATING ?

Perhaps you can find material for a piece of down-to-earth self-examination in this paragraph clipped from THE MONSTRANCE :

" Suppose God granted you a life of 70 years," wrote Bishop Gannon on one occasion. " How would it be distributed ? " Statistics, he reported, divide these seventy years as follows : Three years would be spent in education ; eight years in amusements ; six years at the dinner table ; five years in transportation ; four years in conversation ; fourteen years in work ; three years in reading ; twenty-four years in sleeping. Then Bishop Gannon put a personal question and answer : " How much time do you give to God ? If you went to Mass every Sunday and prayed for five minutes every morning and evening, you would be giving five months to God ; five months out of seventy years of your life." The conclusion is obvious.

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII,

has described indecency in dress as

A SAD SPECTACLE

which can be spiritually ruinous.

THE one virtue which is specially and above all others suited for preserving innocence, purity, and cleanness of heart—and at the same time fitted for keeping at bay their enemy—is *modesty*. Modern society has countenanced shameless styles and shameful exhibitionism. Evil example has abounded everywhere—and is ever present. Little wonder that few remain untainted and unscathed by the spiritual leprosy of impurity. Satan uses the various immodest modes of dress, or rather lack of dress, to enshare souls into this hideous sin, which, as our Blessed Mother revealed to Jacinta at Fatima, brings eternal damnation to countless souls. Sad to say, much of the blame for the widespread indecent fashions is to be laid on the laxity and cowardliness of Catholic parents in not protesting the immodest trends in apparel, which now have become outrageously brazen as regards the dress of men, women and children alike.

It is a sad commentary that Catholics have heeded so little the admonitions of their spiritual shepherds. Without remorse of conscience they have accepted and adopted styles of semi-nudity which break down and destroy the morals of young and old. In strongly-worded warnings, our Holy Father has repeatedly appealed to bishops, the clergy and the laity to take action against immodesty in dress, which he labeled as a "most serious plague of the present time."

"INDECENCIES of fashion," he said on one occasion, "especially in the summertime, furnish a sad and blameworthy spectacle. This is true not only of the beaches, not only of holiday resorts, but of the city and village streets, and other places, both private and public. Even in the House of God there is a tendency to wear dress that is unworthy of the occasion, and irreverent, and whose spiritually ruinous effects, especially on young people, are easy to imagine." . . . "Even such pagan leaders as Cicero and Seneca," he continued, "spoke out against styles of dress offensive to modesty and decency."

Certainly Catholics are (or should be) instructed in the whys and wherefores of modesty. The most compelling reason for its observance is the divinely revealed truth that *the human body is the* TEMPLE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, and should be preserved from any profanation. Immodest clothing—instead of elevating and ennobling the human person, and adorning it as the temple of the Godhead—degrades and debases it, and only too often drives out the Divine Guest by sins of impurity to which it leads.

FATHERS and mothers are urged to give their children *good example*, and to *teach them to avoid the dangers of immodesty*. This teaching is best inculcated by a positive approach. The human person has been elevated to an incomparable dignity by reason of the incarnation of the Son of God. Christ became a member of our human family, and the image of the Godhead is hidden even in the most humble human creature. Above all is this true of the soul invested with sanctifying grace, by which it is transformed and made the very above of the Blessed Trinity.

The materialistic spirit that has perverted so great a part of to-day's civilization has also tainted Catholic thought and ideals, and has left nefarious effects in matters of faith and morals. *The Catholic must be modest everywhere.* Modesty is a safeguarding virtue, a protecting virtue that never permits the vulgar and indelicate, whether at home or elsewhere—in the street, on the bus, at the office, on the beach, the dance-floor, whether in the presence of many or of few. No matter *where*, no matter *with whom*, no matter *when, modesty is always in place, always in season.*

YET *special* points regarding modesty need to be stressed in the matter of *proper dress for church attendance.* There is no hard and fast rule regarding what should be worn to church. Any decent costume worn in public or for daytime social activity is suitable. The emphasis is rather on what *not* to wear. Shorts, T-shirts, on the part

of men and boys, sleeveless, very low-necked, close-fitting, transparent clothing, or slacks, worn by women and girls, certainly show very bad taste, disrespect for the House of God, and callous indifference to spiritual values. Those who are so thoughtless and careless as to appear for Divine services in such apparel, and even approach confession and Holy Communion, certainly do no credit to themselves, nor to their families, their schools, or their parishes. There is little excuse for *slovenly* and *indecent* apparel in church. Some young folks who seem to think anything is acceptable can only merit a low rating for respect and reverence. However, work-clothes, or uniforms worn by those who stop in for Holy Mass on their way to work, are in no way out of place.

CLOTHES express the tendencies and tastes of an individual and reveal much about the person's character and life. *Modesty must be the first adornment of the pure of heart.* In this, the Immaculate Virgin Mother of Christ must always be the inspiration of men and women, boys and girls. Mary's mission was to crush the head of the serpent. Glorious indeed is the history of her triumph over the power of Satan. But those triumphs must be renewed in our day by the co-operation of those who call her "Heavenly Mother."—"Oh, how we wish that all . . . would gather around the throne of the Virgin," said Pope Pius XII, "to learn from her example the secret of every greatness and how to fulfil in themselves the Divine designs!"

Women and girls cannot give the excuse that it is difficult and almost impossible to buy modest clothes. These are available to all who wish to buy them. We are engaged in a conflict with the very "gates of hell," and every individual who enlists in this "battle of the ages" against indecency leagues himself with Mary Immaculate in her God-given mission to crush the head of the infernal serpent.

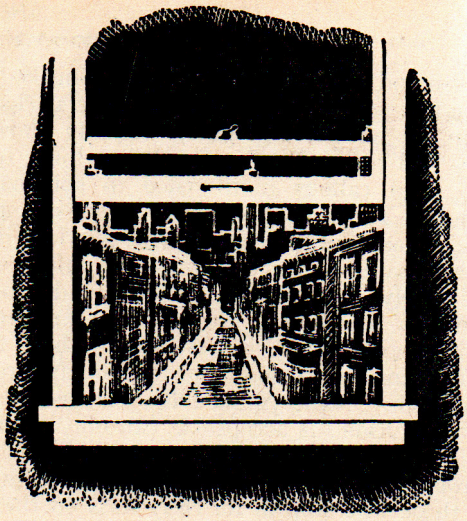
No human language is able to express the purity and beauty of Mary, the Mother of the world's Salvation! No tongue can proclaim her loveliness. We can but cull the flowers of praise and offer them to Jesus and Mary. The flower that is genuinely pleasing to Jesus, "the Flower of the Field and the Lily of the Valley," and to His most pure Mother, the "Spotless Lily of Virgins," is purity of body and soul.

"Just the negative, please; we want to see ourselves in white."

[From: "More Little Nuns"] [By courtesy: "Extension", Chicago.

"QUIZ" *looks out at you—*

ON TOP OF THE WORLD



VERY pleased with yourself, aren't you? You have done well, made money, perhaps, or come out top in an examination, or won a prize of some value, or a big competition.

★ Or, possibly, you have been chosen, at an audition, for a singer, or an actor, to take some important rôle.

OR, it may be something quite different. It could be that you have become engaged to be married—if you are at that stage of life.

★ Whatever it be, something has occurred that makes you very pleased with yourself. You're delighted. You're walking on air.

GOOD. It's great to find someone who is completely happy, even if it is only some fleeting joy that brings the happiness. There is plenty of sadness in this valley of tears. A real burst of happiness is something worth having. No wonder you're on top of the world.

● LONG may you continue so. Long may you smile on those around you, inviting them to share your happiness.

● There may be envious people about, of course, and they may scoff and say, "Will you look at her," or "He thinks he's somebody."

● Well, you can't help that. Some people cannot bear to see others succeed.

● There was an old man, once, whose reaction to any success story was a joke amongst his friends. The old man always managed to come out with some scornful remark—A favourite one was "Him! I knew his oul' father," meaning that the successful one's "oul' father" was no great shakes, as the saying is.

The best way to avoid arousing envy is to take success modestly, not to put on airs, to be humble about it. That can easily be arranged by thinking of the thousands of people in this world who work hard for a success that never comes, whose best efforts end in failure, even though it seems they deserved to succeed.

A bit of thinking along those lines will show you that you should be very thankful for your success, that is to say you admit that others have deserved success just as much as you and that you have just been fortunate. You should be thankful.

AND here is a humbling exercise we might all try, whether we are on top of the world or meeting with set-backs, one after another. We can ask ourselves a question: "How many people, in my hour of triumph, will be moved to say 'I'm so glad. He deserves it,' or 'She worked hard for it'—or even if the good fortune is something that cost us no effort at all—would our friends say 'I'm simply delighted' and mean it?"

● Allowing for the fact that envy is not difficult to arouse, that test could teach us something about ourselves, and tell us whether we are the greedy, selfish type whose success is resented or whether we are the ordinary decent sort who can sympathise with other people's troubles and can be counted on not to get "above ourselves," in the moment of success.

THAT proverb about putting a beggar on horseback is not always true. It all depends on the sort of fellow the beggar is.

★ And, no matter who knew your "oul' father" (as the man said) or whether he was any great shakes or not, you—on top of the world—can be helpful to others, humble in yourself and thankful.

● Someone once said it must be terrible to be an atheist and have something to be thankful FOR but nobody to be thankful TO.

● Thank God, we all have Him to be thankful to

THAT'S the acid test, really. If we are thankful to God for whatever meed of success comes our way, we are all right, in the sight of heaven and earth. We will not use our good fortune to harm our soul or anyone else's soul.

In that spirit, you on top of the world can go forward safely, free from the dangers that worldly success so often brings.

IN that spirit, you will be wary lest you fall through pride.

● Lucifer was so high-placed. Pride toppled him.

But, of course, you know that. Look out.

The facts behind the

STRUGGLE FOR INDONESIA

are here revealed by Desmond Cryan

FEW would have believed that the head of state on whom the Grand Cross of the Order of Pius IX had been conferred would have to bear a large measure of responsibility for the present disordered state of his country, and who, after a tour of Communist countries started his own land on the way to dictatorship with the enthusiastic support of the Communists at home. Yet this is what has happened in Indonesia, and it is not for nothing that the missionary intention for March last was "That belief in God remain the foundation of the civil constitution of Indonesia."

President Sukarno, in his last interview with the Pope assured his Holiness that belief in God was one of the fundamental doctrines of the Indonesian State, and he asked the Pope's prayers for the Indonesian people. The Pope assured the President in turn that Indonesia could count on the country's nearly one million Catholics for loyal and wholehearted co-operation with the Government in pursuing the happiness, advancement and prosperity of the new nation. What Catholics had already done in education, charity and civic duty made this doubly sure, added the Holy Father. Asked about the Church's efforts to train Indonesian clergy, the Pope replied that a native clergy was what the Church wanted. The Church in Indonesia was still passing through a transitional period when Catholics had to depend on the help of other nations, but marked progress was being made away from this position.

BUT when President Sukarno returned from his tour of the Communist countries, he began to dabble in Communist methods. The first announcement of his plans for a "guided democracy" programme brought about a storm of protest in political circles even in his own party, the Nationalist Party. The only notable exception was the Communist Party. This, incidentally, is as strong as those of Italy or France. By June last, plans for a National Council were complete.

The two parties with the biggest representation on the council were the President's own party and the Communists. Also among the representation were members from other islands in the great archipelago, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, the Celebes, Lesser Sunda Islands, Moluccas and West Irian (Dutch New Guinea), and representatives of various groups in the 80 million population.

THIS venture did little to improve matters for the young State, and it is believed that the campaign of violence against the Dutch for the handing over of New Guinea was one tactic the President adopted to distract attention from his failures. He set about expelling 46,000 Dutchmen last December, a move which sorely afflicted the country's economy. At the height of the trouble with Holland, the President suddenly went off on a tour of other Asian countries to find on his return that the Communists had taken full advantage of the situation he had created. During his absence, moreover, the anti-Dutch campaign had become overshadowed by the growing revolt of the outer islands against neglect by the central government and against the attempt at "guided democracy" in the Communist manner.

The rebels, under Colonel Ahmed Hussein, finally issued an ultimatum to Sukarno threatening to form an independent government if Communists were not dismissed from the central government. They wanted a new government formed under a former Vice-President—who had resigned over the issue of Communist representation in 1956—parliamentary democracy restored, and a greater share in the country's wealth for the outer islands. The President rejected the rebels' demands, and ordered their arrest. But no one dared carry it out, and on February 15 last, they set up a provisional government, pledging themselves to overthrow the central administration in Djakarta, capital of Java.

THE measure of political support available to the rebels is, however, uncertain. The President is still regarded as the hero of the

Continued on page 25

"WATCHER" provides some interesting information about eels—

Those Slippery Customers

EVERY now and then our rivers experience the phenomenon of an eel-fry invasion. Clustered about weedy rocks in the shallows behind the falls—re-grouping their forces, as it were, before renewing their upstream offensive—one will find hundreds of thousands of tiny, wriggling "thread-eels."

In such places it is possible, literally, to scoop up handfuls of these baby eels. But it is not so easy to hold on to one for any appreciable length of time, as no matter how one cups one's hands, the tiny creature will soon push its way through tightly pressed fingers, fall to the ground and wriggle back into the water.

The celebrated "eel's-grip" of the fisherman is rendered impotent when applied to the diminutive "thread-eel"; but it can be held long enough for observation purposes by pressing the tail between the nail of the thumb and second finger.

FOR centuries the origin of eel-fry, and the life cycle of the common eel have remained a mystery; and it is only in quite recent times than men have succeeded in locating its spawning grounds. No one has ever found eel-spawn, or even a spawn-bearing adult eel; and the idea was fostered that the "thread-eels" developed spontaneously from mud, or from the short hairs of horse's tails.

In time such theories were accepted as facts.

Gradually, however, naturalists began to study the problem in a practical manner. Adult eels were marked in inland ponds and lakes and their movements carefully noted. After many years of co-operative study by observers in many lands, the mystery surrounding the origin of the common river eel was finally solved.

A German naturalist assembled all the known facts and gave the story to an incredulous world.

BETWEEN the age of 6 and 10 years, the adult eel, that yellowish-brown denizen of near-stagnant ponds, canals, lakes and slow-moving rivers, receives an inexplicable migratory urge. At nightfall, when the dew is heavy on the grass, it forsakes its pond and slithers overland to the nearest stretch of flowing water. From there it moves gradually seawards, feeding as it goes.

Arriving off the estuary, it bides its time, feeding voraciously and also, it is presumed, accustoming itself to its new salt water existence.

In its fresh water habitat, the eel was required to resist a bodily pressure of some 14 lb. to the square inch. But now, if it is to survive the long sea journey which lies ahead—most of which will be undertaken at great ocean depths—Nature must adapt the physical constitution of the fish to withstand external pressure of as great as *one ton over every square inch of its body*!

The eel now dives down to the bed of the sea and begins the long journey to one of the deepest parts of the Atlantic Ocean, between the islands of The Azores and The Bahamas.

HERE it breeds and spawns, and the eggs —semi-transparent, ribbon-like larvae— hatch out.

Because adult eels have never been found alive after spawning, it is presumed that the

act of spawning itself, coupled with the rigours of the long migratory journey at such depths, kills the parent fish. But of this we cannot yet be sure.

The larvae remain at their oceanic spawning grounds until they are about five inches long.

Then they set out in countless millions for the fresh water homes of their parents. Hourly they run the gauntlet of uncountable foes, ranging from the mighty whale—which is distinctly partial to them—to the stinging jelly fish and the lovely coloured Portuguese Man-O-War. As they approach the land, sea birds devour them in millions from the surface of the sea.

Still the survivors press on, a silvery mass of wriggling eel-fry packed so tightly above and below that river estuaries often seem to "boil" with them.

UNLIKE their parents, the fry does not need to pause for any appreciable period at the estuaries. As they are surface swimmers no constitutional overhaul is necessary. So they storm over the bar and up the river mouth, wriggling over all obstacles and halting only when they gain the higher reaches of the river, or the quiet ponds from which their parents may originally have set out.

And in their upstream passage they are again subjected to heavy depredations by birds, beasts and men. I have known a cat to wax fat on eel-fry which she clawed out of the water from the safety of a flat stone close inshore; and I have seen a midland farmer's wife, with the help of a crudely-fashioned sack-net, fill a bucket with seething "thread-eels" which she later boiled and fed to the pigs!

So much only do we know of the fascinating story of the common eel, born in the dark near-tropic depths of the Atlantic and guided by some mysterious means to the quiet pond and mountain tarn thousands of miles away to the northeast.

Some authorities will even go so far as to claim that the progeny will always return to the same fresh water haunts of their parents. Such might, indeed, be the case, although it is difficult to see how this theory could ever be conclusively proved or disproved.

STRUGGLE FOR INDONESIA (Contd. from p. 23)

fight for independence in the earlier struggle with the Dutch. If he were deposed, and the administration centred instead in Sumatra, the Javanese would not be at all pleased. The rebels need above all the support of Dr. Mohamed Hatta, the popular vice-president who resigned, but have not yet obtained this, as he placed unity above all else. Even if they are successful, the prospect ahead is that of a collapse of the Indonesian State, with Java possibly going Communist. In this event, however, the islands linked with Sumatra would probably form an anti-Communist state.

What the future of this troubled region will be, it is too early yet to decide. As far as the Catholic Church and the missionaries on the islands are concerned, the emergence of Indonesia as a Communist state would be a disaster. There are a number of Catholic and other Christian political parties, but, understandably in such a big Moslem population, they are only minor ones. Even the emergence of the anti-Communists would not greatly help the missionaries because a government based on Sumatra is likely to be Moslem-controlled. At the moment, in the prevailing state of unrest, missionary activity is becoming more and more hampered. But, no matter what turn events may take, any situation must be considered more tolerable, from the Church's point of view, than a fully Communist victory. Such a disaster would mark the end of long years of missionary toil and achievement.

CROSS-QUIZ

What have you learned from this issue of THE CROSS?

1. In what church was Abbot Marmion baptised? (*See page 2, col. 1*).
2. What is the length of the Via Dolorosa in Jerusalem? (*See page 8, col. 2*).
3. Who and of what nationality was the founder of the Seventh Day Adventists? (*See page 13, col. 1*).
4. May a non-Catholic baptise validly? (*See page 15, col. 1*).
5. Where did the greatest crowd in history assemble in 1956? (*See page 18, col. 1*).
6. What proportion of our lifetime do we spend asleep? (*See page 19, col. 2*).
7. Who is President of Indonesia? (*See page 23, col. 1*).
8. In what part of the world do eels begin their life? (*See page 24, col. 2*).

CINEMA GUIDE

NATIONAL FILM INSTITUTE RATINGS

G.A.=Suitable for General Audiences.
A.A.=Suitable for Adult Audiences.
O.P.=Objectionable in part.
O. =Objectionable.

THE ABDUCTORS: Gangsters try to "kidnap" the body of Abraham Lincoln to barter it for the release of a convict friend. This original theme, apart from its macabre atmosphere, is laboriously handled and fizzles out in an unduly long climax. (A.A.)

APRIL LOVE: A gay colourful little trifle incorporating a fresh and tuneful romance against the background of Kentucky grasslands. The significance of the picture for those interested in cinema trends is the thoroughly unusual treatment of the romantic angle. Pat Boone may be responsible, but if Hollywood would only adopt his formula for courtship, the American film industry would be both nearer to the truth of life and less in line for the censure it demands from its more conscientious adherents. (G.A.)

BABY FACE NELSON: Hysterical Mickey Rooney on the rampage with a gun. Slaughter and robberies abound in this tough gangster story about the early 1930's. It is all action and no excuse or condemnation is offered for anything. (A.A.)

BARNACLE BILL: Alec Guinness is the star of this farce about the last of a long line of sailors who tries to turn a decaying pier into an amusement centre. A battle royal is waged with the town council and eventually the pier is set afloat and arrives in France. Guinness now becomes a national hero. Pleasant amusement for all. (G.A.)

JAILHOUSE ROCK: There has been a lot of muddled thinking about Rock 'n' Roll and the Presley cult and the real issues have been altogether confused. A true assessment of Elvis Presley does not depend on age or sex. This is not a question of Rock 'n' Roll versus the Charleston. Let no naive teenagers or adults fool you or be fooled themselves. This Elvis Presley cult is highly dangerous. "Jailhouse Rock" is completely objectionable. (O.)

BOND OF FEAR: Modest thriller. Suspense well maintained. (A.A.)

CALLING HOMICIDE: Several murders are committed to hide "the dirtiest racket ever known"—blackmail of unmarried mothers and baby selling. Apart from the mere mention of this racket, the film is a straightforward "who-is-behind-it" type and the moral that "crime does not pay" is clearly pointed. Nevertheless, the publicity and subject matter are undesirable. (A.A.)

CHICAGO CONFIDENTIAL: Gangsters try to gain control of an important trade union. The treasurer is murdered when about to bring evidence to the police and its president is framed for the murder. (G.A.)

THE GIRL MOST LIKELY: An American musical featuring a number of songs and spectacular dances. May leave a mature audience somewhat bored; a younger audience might be amused, but light approach to marriage makes it adult. (A.A.)

COUNT FIVE AND DIE: A story of espionage in London, in 1944. German agents are being given false news under cover of secret information. Mildly exciting. (G.A.)

DRAGSTRIP GIRL: Another film directed at teenagers and appealing to their love of speed, violence and irresponsibility. This film was rated "morally objectionable in part for all" by the American Legion of Decency and, even though its impact here might be less strong than in the U.S., it remains a very unhealthy production. (Adult Audiences Only).

THE ENEMY BELOW: A battle of wits between a U-Boat Commander and the Captain of an American destroyer. Naturally, being an American film, the destroyer's Captain outwits his rival but the German crew are depicted as ordinary human beings, and not as fiends. (G.A.)

FAMILY DOCTOR: The family doctor in a small seaside town is a wolf in sheep's clothing. He murders his wives—four in all. What started well deteriorated into sloppy melodrama. (A.A.)

FORTY GUNS: A story of the last days of violence in an American frontier cow-town. Well-acted and well-photographed but so badly edited that the story is hard to follow. (G.A.)

GOD IS MY PARTNER: A wealthy and elderly surgeon suddenly distributes a small fortune to sick children and the church and succeeds in a court case brought to prove that he is legally incompetent. Suitable for all but rather loosely put together. (G.A.)

GIRLS' DORMITORY: Who murdered the girl in her bed in a select French school for young ladies? The range of suspects is too narrow to grip the interest sufficiently and, so, a comedy element which falls flat was introduced. The schoolgirls are very advanced in looks and even more "advanced" in moral outlook. (A.A.)

HOUSE OF NUMBERS: An exciting escape from San Quentin prison. The inmate (Jack Palance) is helped from the outside by his wife and his brother (Palance also). (A.A.)

ROONEY: A pleasant bit of blarney about a bachelor dustbin-man (John Gregson) who has trouble with widowed and single landladies before eventually pursuing his true love across Dublin's 'Halfpenny Bridge' at the final fade out. The All-Ireland Hurling Final sequences, though short, are cleverly edited and direction by George Pollock is neat and well balanced. (G.A.)

SISSI — THE YOUNG EMPRESS: Another beautiful film about the adventures of Sissi. All the charm, romance, colour and pageantry of the first film are retained and this is one of those rare occasions when one can say that a sequel is as good as the original. Recommended for all. (G.A.)

PASSIONIST MISSIONS AND RETREATS

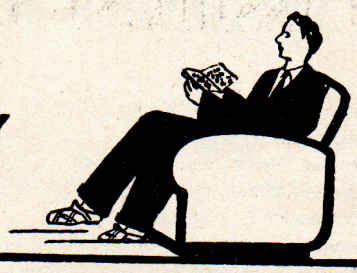
APRIL—MAY—JUNE, 1958

Eadestown, Naas, Co. Kildare	Fr. Clarence
Dungarvan, Co. Waterford	FF. Dermot, James & Sebastian
Longwood, Moyvalley, Co. Meath	FF. Daniel & Reginald
Rathkenny, Slane, Co. Meath	FF. Ultan & Feargal
Stewartstown, Co. Tyrone	Fr. Alphonsus
Barnmeen, Rathfriland, Co. Down	FF. Austin & Peter
Callan, Co. Kilkenny	FF. Hilary, Luke & Alban
Ligoniel, Belfast	Fr. Aidan
The Cathedral, Cavan	FF. Fintan, Salvian, Clarence & Oswald
St. Mary's, Youghal, Co. Cork	FF. Patrick & Arthur
Fuerty, Roscommon	FF. Andrew & Cronan
Ballyclare, Co. Antrim	Fr. Neil
Virginia, Co. Cavan	FF. Aloysius & Dominic
Windgap, Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny	FF. Edmund & Hubert
Kinlough, Co. Leitrim	FF. Reginald & Ambrose
Clogheen, Cathedral Parish, Cork	Fr. Dermot
Holy Cross, Dundrum, Co. Dublin	FF. Peter & John Baptist
Holywood, Co. Down	FF. Austin & Hilarion
St. Columb's, Long Tower, Derry	FF. Fabian, Conleth, Neil & Linus
Barndarrig, Redcross, Wicklow	Fr. Clarence
Fintona, Co. Tyrone	FF. Salvian & Oswald
St. Patrick's, Pennyburn, Serry	FF. Paul Mary & John Francis
Cappawhite, Co. Tipperary	Fr. Luke
Killybegs, Co. Donegal	FF. Enda, Vincent & Fintan
Kircubbin, Newtownards, Co. Down	FF. Philip & Kenneth
Staghall, Belturbet, Co. Cavan	FF. Frederick & Alban
Rostrevor, Co. Down	FF. Cronan & Daniel
Stamullen, Co. Meath	FF. Oliver & Thomas
Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow	FF. Malachy & Dermot
Downpatrick, Co. Down	FF. James & Jude
Ballinlea, Ballycastle, Co. Antrim	Fr. John Baptist
Damastown, Naul, Co. Dublin	FF. Edmund & Aloysius
Shinn, Newry, Co. Down	Fr. Austin
Johnstown, Co. Kilkenny	FF. Enda & Vincent
Rhode, Tullamore, Offaly	FF. Fabian & Ambrose
Tracton, Co. Cork	FF. Fintan & Paul Mary
Cappoquin, Co. Waterford	FF. Leo & Dermot
Mullinavat, Co. Kilkenny	FF. Frederick & Philip
Tempo, Co. Fermanagh	FF. Stephen & Malachy
Carmelite Church, Whitefriars St., Dublin	Fr. Dominic
Military Mission, Cavan	Fr. Hilary
St. Machan's, Lennoxtown, Glasgow	FF. Leonard & Xavier
St. Mungo's, Parson St., Glasgow	FF. Paulinus & Neil
Our Lady of Consolation, Bonnyrigg, Midlothian	FF. Leo & Clement
St. Francis Xavier's, Waterside, Dunaskin, Ayrshire	FF. Owen & Paulinus
St. Thomas's, Addiewell, Midlothian	FF. Xavier & Flannan
Clergy Retreat, Diocese of Kilmore	Fr. Christopher
do. do. Dromore	Fr. Edmund
do. do. Cloyne	Fr. Dermot
do. do. Galloway	Fr. Vivian
Clerical Students, St. Peter's College, Wexford	Fr. Paul Mary
Community, Fathers of Charity, Ferryhouse, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary	Fr. Angelo
do. Little Sisters of the Assumption, Camden St., Dublin	Fr. Neil
do. Sisters of Mercy, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal	Fr. Fabian

Continued on page 29

SERIAL STORY

BY MICHAEL HASLAM



SMILING IRISH EYES

CHAPTER FIVE

"I'LL ask Joe Trent in the morning when he will look at your painting. Joe has been painting for a long time and I think his opinion will be well worth having!" said Robin O'Shea, as Vincent and he walked from Minnow Street to the Irish Club that evening.

As soon as they entered the premises on Sycamore Street, Vincent was once again struck by the homely atmosphere of the place. A large number of young people, all Irish boys and girls, and many of whom he had seen there the previous evening, were dancing to a radiogram, playing table-tennis, and watching a television show. Most of them greeted Robin as he crossed the main hall, and quite a few smiled in friendly fashion at Vincent himself, perhaps remembering that they themselves were once new members and feeling perhaps a little bit shy in new surroundings.

FOR a while, Robin and Vincent chatted with Michael Ryan, the treasurer of the club. Presently, however, Robin was called away to another group at the far side of the hall, and Michael and Vincent were left alone.

"Robin is certainly very popular with everybody here!" Vincent remarked, as several dancing couples hailed his friend as he crossed the floor.

"And most deservedly so!" said Michael enthusiastically. "In fact, he'd be twice as popular if the members knew everything he has done for them!" Michael, as he spoke, shot a quick glance at Vincent. "You might as well know it, up to this morning we thought we would have to close the club shortly . . . ."

"Close the club?" repeated Vincent.

Michael nodded.

"Yes," he replied. "We were desperately in need of funds . . . . until this morning!"

"What happened this morning to change your fortunes?" inquired Vincent. "Did the club win a crossword puzzle or something?"

"I don't quite know," said Michael slowly. "Last evening, at a meeting, Robin told us that we would get the money we needed somehow. I thought he was crazy . . . until he turned up with it himself to-day!"

"But where did Robin get it?" asked Vincent.

Michael smiled slightly.

"I have a shrewd idea!" he said. "I worked it out by process of elimination! I asked myself *how* could Robin get that much money if he needed it. The only answer was that he would sell something. Then I asked myself what had he got to sell . . . . . then I knew!"

Vincent was startled.

"You mean . . . . I wondered why he hadn't got it with him to-day . . . . he sold his motor-cycle?"

"I have no doubt about it!" said Michael.

JUST then Robin returned to them, and as Vincent watched him approaching across the hall he was filled with admiration for the sacrifice which his new friend had made so that this club, which was doing so much for young Irish immigrants, might continue functioning. He knew how much Robin O'Shea had prized his motor-cycle, and its loss must be a great blow to him, he told himself as Robin joined Michael and himself again.

"I'll introduce you to Joe Trent in the morning!" Robin promised him, as they made their way homeward from the club that evening. Vincent had again thoroughly enjoyed the hours spent in the friendly surroundings of Sycamore Street and he was more appreciative than ever of Robin's great sacrifice for the club.

"It's very good of you to go to all this trouble, Robin," he said quietly. "I don't expect that my painting has much chance in the competition, but I'll be certainly grateful for your friend's advice."

Vincent and Robin parted company at the corner of Minnow Street, Robin to walk the long distance to the suburb where he lodged . . . a walk self-imposed because of his sacrifice for the club . . . . Vincent to have his supper in the homely living-room at Number Eight.

LATER, when Vincent went to his own room, he stood for a while gazing at his painting. As he looked at the varying shades of green in 'The Valley,' he suddenly felt nearer home and he remembered Kathleen's words on that day when they had both stood on the craggy heights looking down on Coolnaloon, the day when he had finished painting his picture. *'I think that, no matter in what part of the world I was, if I saw that picture, it would carry me back here to Coolnaloon . . . . . !'* That was what Kathleen had said, and, true enough, he himself now felt closer to home than he had felt since he had come to Dulchester, although when the illusion, brought about by the quiet power of the painting, passed and he became aware that, after all, it was only a picture, he felt more than

ever homesick for that fragrant green valley he had left behind him.

AND thoughts of the valley of Coolnaloon brought with them, as they inevitably did, thoughts of Kathleen, and although he knew that he could not yet hope for a reply to his letter he found himself looking forward keenly to the day when he would find an envelope awaiting him at Number Eight Deacon Street bearing the familiar Irish post-mark.

"This is Joe Trent, Vincent!" The following morning Robin introduced a tall youth to Vincent during the tea-break at the despatch-department.

"Pleased to meet you!" said Joe, and although he smiled in what appeared to be a friendly fashion at Vincent, Vincent fancied that there was some covert quality about the smile that he could not understand.

"I'm not much good at painting, really!" Vincent told him. "I've had no proper training .... but Robin thought that you might be kind enough to take a look at my picture and perhaps give me a word or two of advice!"

"Certainly!" said Joe. "Bring it around to the digs to-night and we'll take a look at it!"

So anxious was he to have what would be expert opinion compared with anything he had had so far on his painting, Vincent hurried through his tea that evening, and, with his picture carefully packed, set off to the lodgings which Joe shared with Robin.

THE house was attached to a grocer's shop in a busy shopping district, and the room which Robin and Joe Trent had was situated on the third floor. As Vincent entered the apartment, he noticed several canvases in various stages of completion lying about the place.

"Now, isn't it terrific? What did I tell you?" Robin demanded when Vincent had unwrapped the picture and the three of them had examined it.

Joe Trent nodded a somewhat patronising assent.

"Not bad!" he admitted. "A bit crude, of course, chiefly from lack of academic training, but it shows promise. . . . ."

"Vincent is going to enter it for the poster competition. I told him he should! Don't you think he ought to, Joe?" said Robin, his enthusiasm for Vincent's painting knowing no bounds.

Joe Trent shot a quick glance at Robin, then he looked at the painting.

"Of course, I don't wish to discourage you," he said, "but there are several very good pictures being submitted. . . ."

"Well, he should have a shot at it anyhow!" replied Robin. "It certainly won't be the worst picture which the judges will have to examine, will it? I know it is a foregone conclusion that you yourself will win the contest, Joe!"

SHORTLY afterwards, carrying his painting with him, Vincent left for home. Robin accompanied him some of the way. They walked through the suburban streets in the direction of Minnow Street in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts. It was characteristic of Robin O'Shea that his mind was not filled with regret for his having sold his motor-cycle in order that the Irish Club might might remain in existence, but that he was mainly concerned with Vincent's chance in the poster competition. Vincent, for his part, was thinking hopefully of the chances which his painting stood, and also of the fact that each passing hour brought nearer the likelihood of a letter from Kathleen.

But back in the room they had just left, Joe Trent stood at the window, gazing moodily at the street below. He had been more impressed than he had cared to admit by '*The Valley*,' for he knew in his heart that it presented the only serious challenge to his own entry. But Joe was determined to win the competition .... at any cost.

(To be continued)

PASSIONIST MISSIONS AND RETREATS

(Continued from page 27)

Novices, Cross and Passion Sisters, Glandore Rd., Dublin	Fr. Theophane
Children of Mary, Marist Convent, Carrick-on-Shannon, Co. Leitrim	Fr. Linus
Past Pupils, Assumption Convent, Ballynahinch, Co. Down	Fr. Sebastian
Old People, Little Sisters of the Poor, Montenotte, Cork	Fr. Sylvius
Postulants and Patients, Moore Abbey, Monasterevan, Co. Kildare	Fr. Philip
Nurses and Domestics, Cherry Orchard Hospital, Ballyfermot, Dublin	Fr. Clarence
Week-end Retreats, Ravenswell, Bray, Co. Wicklow	FF. Angelo, Stanislaus & Sylvius,
Pupils, St. Joseph's, Fairview, Dublin	Fr. Paul Mary
do. Presentation College, Carrick-on-Shannon, Co. Leitrim	Fr. Hilary
do. The High School, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary	Fr. Fintan
do. Convent of Mercy, Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim	Fr. Andrew
do. do. Roctfortbridge, Co. Westmeath	Fr. Bernard
do. do. Ballysodare, Co. Sligo	Fr. Salvian
do. The Sisters of Charity, Stanhope St., Dublin	Fr. Clarence
Teenagers, Ballyfermot, Dublin	Fr. Hilary
Children, St. Agatha's, North William St., Dublin	Fr. Malachy
do. Dalkey, Co. Dublin	Fr. Vivian
do. Rostrevor, Co. Down	Fr. Damian
do. The Cathedral, Cavan	Fr. Clarence

Applications for Missions or Retreats should be addressed to:—V. Rev. Father Provincial, C.P. St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

Rev. Fr. VIVIAN, C.P., *pays a centenary tribute to*

THE ABBOT FROM DUBLIN

DOM COLUMBA MARMION, O.S.B.

THE Abbot's name was Dom Columba, and the Abbey over which he ruled was situated in the southern part of Belgium at a place called Maredsous. To the generation of twelve-year-olds attending the Jesuit school, Belvedere College, Dublin, in 1870, he was just plain Joe Marmion—a very gentle, sweet-tempered boy, who never returned a blow or a word in anger, but "kept a strong hold on himself, so as to imitate the good Jesus in His Passion." He was born at 57, Queen Street, Dublin, on Holy Thursday, 1st April, 1858, and baptised by the Parish Priest at St. Paul's, Arran Quay, on Easter Tuesday.

Before commencing to write these few lines commemorating the Centenary of Abbot Columba Marmion's birth, I wandered up the quays on the north side of the river Liffey and turned into Queen Street to have a look at No. 57. It is situated at the far end on the left-hand side, the centre of a block of old-fashioned three-storeyed houses. It is now listed in the postal directory as being let in tenements, but all the remains of grandeur are there: the ground-floor still protected by a surround of tall iron railings; the two steps to the generously measured hall door, with its semi-circular fanlight and huge wrought iron knocker in the shape of a woman's head, whose braided hair falls down by her cheeks to join and form the knocking part. It must have been this knocker which gave notice to the occupants of the arrival of the midwife to attend at the birth of the baby on that Holy Thursday of 1858.

AS I stood and surveyed these details of No. 57 from across the street, the half-curtain on one of the lower windows was raised and a puzzled face of a little boy looked out. Behind me, a door opened and two women stood beside me. One said: "Are you looking for someone, Father?"

I explained that a very famous Benedictine Abbot of a monastery in Belgium had been born over the way. That he had written four spiritual books which had been translated into all European languages. That even the Popes had used them for spiritual reading, and that Benedict XV had said to a Bishop on one occasion, pointing to one of Abbot Marmion's books, "Read that. It is the pure doctrine of the Church."

The woman's comment on that was: "I always did hear, Father, that a very good class of people came from Queen Street." Obviously she had never heard of him nor had her companion, but she was very glad to know that a priest had been born in that house, and she informed me that one of the families living there now had two boys away to try their vocations, one to be a priest and one a brother. By this time I was being noticed, and a man appeared full-length in the window of No. 56 which now houses the offices and warehouse of the Irish Wool Co. I wondered had he heard of the Abbot. When I eventually got away and came back down to the Quay, I dropped into the parish church of St. Paul's, where Abbot Marmion had been baptised.

AS I entered the Baptistry I met the 'chapel-woman' who keeps the church clean. Together we looked at the plain black marble font where Joseph Marmion had received his first grace and been made a child of God a hundred years before on 6th April, 1858. I told her his story and ended up by remarking that maybe one day he would be canonised and that if he were, it would be a wonderful thing to think that all the graces that went to make up his heroic sanctity had begun here at this little font. "Who knows?" I said, "this place may become a place of pilgrimage." "I never heard of him before," she said, "but I'll start praying for his beatification now, especially when I'm cleaning the baptistry." Outside the church, while waiting for the bus, an old lady engaged me in conversation, with the opening gambit, "Do you know Father McCarthy—a grand man?" I told Abbot Marmion's story again. She never heard of him. As I mounted the bus she

AFRICA FOR CHRIST

OUR LADY OF AFRICA

THE WAITING CROWD

ALL over the world the crowds are waiting to greet the Queen of the May. This year, especially, the centenary grace of Lourdes is stirring the hearts of Mary's children. It has been launched successfully and even now as a satellite full of spiritual power and light is in orbit round the earth.

IN Africa, as everywhere else, Mary's children are drawn up in lines to wait for the passing of the Queen. The flags are out, the rainbow coloured bunting flutters in the breeze. The waiting crowd sings hymns and prays the Rosary, sharing her Joy, her Sorrow and her Glory. . . .

BUT in between, it grows impatient, shuffles a bit, gossips a bit and leans out to search the pathway for Our Lady's feet. Soon she shall come and the hush of Heaven will be in every heart.

AND FIRST—THE CROSS

ALL God's Children, walking in procession are led by the Cross. If Palm Sunday was different it was because they were walking to the Cross. It is the standard under which the African walks as well as his white brother.

THE Cross leads us and the cross is in everyman's heart. Colour bar makes living difficult, even where there is goodwill. Different cultures conflict before they merge and acknowledge the best in each other. Only a Mother can ease the Cross in everyman's heart. Only a woman who stood by her Cross can teach men to stand—and not to run from theirs. Pray that Africa may follow the Cross and bear it.

COME THE WOMEN—

IN blue cloaks and white veils Africa's girls fall into step with Children of Mary all over the world. With Mary they are walking into a new dignity and gradually leaving behind them the awful humiliations of an old slavery. They need Mary to help them over the bridge, so that new liberty may not degrade and that their natural virtue of service to the family may be ennobled.

—AND THEN THE MEN

THESE African men in May Procession are singing as men should. More song with Mary would mean more harmony. And harmonising is an African natural gift. Four part! Five part! it's all the same to him. Perhaps a day is coming when Africa will teach the world to sing the same song in many parts to the Glory of God and the peace of men.

FOLLOWS THE QUEEN

THIS is the moment when the waiting crowd sing loudest. Our Lady is passing by. They swell the moving sound of the walking girls and marching men. and all their 'Ave, Ave, Ave Maria's' reach in a chain of song to join with the voices of all nations in praising Our Lady of Lourdes. May she bless Africa and make it to prosper so that in another hundred years from now her children may go in pilgrimage from all quarters of the world to honour her at an African shrine as Our Lady of Africa.

SAINT GABRIEL'S GUILD

◆ LETTERS TO FRANCIS—THE CROSS, MOUNT ARGUS, DUBLIN. ◆

My dear Gabriels,

In no country in the world is Our Lady's month of May more welcome than it is in holy Ireland. The people of other nations vie with one another in showing their love for the Mother of God, but in Ireland, however, there is a deeper devotion, a peculiar reverence that springs from faith towards Mary, a something that one cannot define, an extraordinary power that took hold of the Irish spirit during the dark days of persecution, and that has remained as a steadfast shining light ever since, guiding the Irish in their devotion to her to whom they gave the special name of Muire Mathair to distinguish her from all other Marys.

The Irish suffered intensely for the Faith in the past and that is surely why our country has been helped by Mary and blessed by God with so many vocations and has become the greatest missionary centre on earth.

IN THE TREE-LINED GROUNDS

The beautiful devotions of the month of May first started in Rome at the beginning of the 19th century. Fr. Salomi, an Italian, was the first to propagate it by gathering a group of children around Our Lady's altar for prayers and hymns. Soon the practice spread to many lands. Mount Argus was the first church in Ireland to hold May-time processions in honour of the holy Virgin. Each year the lovely processions grow larger and more inspiring in the tree-lined grounds around the Passionist Retreat. As this is Our Lady's year we must all strive to revive the grand spirit and devotion of the ages of Faith by honouring Mary as God honoured her, and loving her as St. Gabriel loved her. Sing :—

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

Ave Maria ! Virgin pure,
Listen to my little prayer,
Guard me through the stilly hours
Keep me 'neath thy loving care ;
Let no dreams unholy waken
Evil thoughts within my breast,
Let no danger hover near me
Guard me, Mother, through my rest.

Ave Maria ! Virgin mild,
Star of the unbounded sea,
Beacon ever pointing heavenwards,
Pour thy beams of love on me ;
And should clouds of evil gather
O'er my pathway, and I stray
From thee, Mary—O ! forgive me
Light me to the heavenly way !

Ave Maria ! Virgin sweet,
Through the night and through the day
With thy loving eye watch o'er me
Mildly, steadfast and alway.
Ave Maria ! Virgin pure,
Ave Maria ! Virgin mild,
Listen to the little prayer
Of a very little child.

M.R.

STATUE OF THE CHILDREN'S POPE

A most unusual statue of Pope Pius X as an eleven-year-old boy has been erected outside a new church named in his honour in Rochester, N.Y. It is stated to be an unique representation of him. He is depicted as a barefoot, bare-headed young boy leaning against a tree stump. The *Boston Pilot* states that the statue is chiselled from Carrara marble weighing 2,800 pounds. It was brought from Italy. The original was designed by Cardinal Constantini Rome, Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church. Pope Pius reigned as Pope from 1903 to 1914. He was canonized in 1954 and was the first Pope to be raised to the altar in 242 years, and the 78th Pope to be thus honoured by the Church.

GOD'S FURRY CREATURES

The competition on My Favourite Animal was a popular one with some members of the Guild. Our young writers display a tender love for God's dumb and furry creatures, but one little girl says that when her daddy heard the little cat stole a chicken " he was very cross and threatened to shoot him. We all pleaded with him to give him another chance so he consented." It was a small sin compared with the big ones humans commit. The little cat did not understand until he was taught. Francis of THE CROSS is glad that the wee pet belonging to another Francis was spared. St. Francis of Assisi must have guarded Smarty.

" Daddy is very fond of Smarty now," says **Frances Troy,**" because he is a wonderful mouser. At one time our barn was full of mice, but now it is hard to see one, and all the rats that were in the straw are all gone, thanks to Smarty. Smarty makes friends with everyone. He is the favourite pet of the house. My little sister is afraid of cats, but she made friends with Smarty because he is so gentle." Hurrah ! for Smarty. He deserves the best of cheers.

" God has made many animals," writes **Ann Marie O'Loughlin**, " but my favourite one is the little rabbit. For my birthday this year my Auntie gave me a lovely little rabbit. I was so delighted when I got it I could hardly speak. I was always longing to have one and now I was simply thrilled. I called him Bonnie. Daddy made a lovely little house for him on four legs. I feed him three times a day with cabbage and other green vegetables. When it is nice and warm I let him out in the garden to get some fresh grass, but I watch him carefully in case he would run away on me.

He was very small when I got him, now he is quite big. I would not give him away for anything because he is so white and soft. White rabbits are very scarce in Ireland now. When I am going to school every morning he wants to come with me, but of course he cannot. When I come in from school every evening he is there to greet me. I have grown so fond of him I would not like anything to happen to him.

THE DONKEY AND THE HORSE

" The donkey is my favourite animal," says **Maria McEvoy.** " I like him best because he is harmless

SUM SOMES

HOPING

In our February column I began the 1958 Ping Campaign. What did I say ? I said that last year we gathered 5,000 Pings all by ourselves for the Wobbs. I said I would leave this year's amount to Bernadette.

Well, I've just come back from Lourdes (I was there for Easter !) and I know now for certain that Bernadette wants 10,000. Billy, the Bank Clerk, is ho-ping (Bawbeess and Coppers also invited). Wobbland relies on you.

SOME SUMS

Bank Balance (until end of March)

Already acknowledged	600 Pings
Per Father Louis Mary, C.P.	240
Mona	183
I and II B (Mountrath)	150
Kayosee	240
Rockers; Arklow	540
TOTAL	1,953 Pings

APOLOGY

Because parcel post takes longer the essays and letters of Betty Griffin, Mary Dorgan, Brenda O'Sullivan, Betty Prendeville, Mary Lundon, Mary Keaney and Celeste were held up. Francis is sorry but will sing out their names in June.

God Love You All,

MISSION EDITOR.

and gentle when treated properly. Also it was the donkey that carried Our Divine Lord to Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. To thank the donkey and to remind men to be kind to him Our Lord placed a a cross on his back . . . . . .

Patch has a wonderful grey fluffy coat. She has a very sad cry. Daddy uses her now and again on the farm. Every day I feed her and she deserves it.

I spend many happy hours riding her during the long summer evenings . . . . . I think donkeys should be the most honoured of all animals, but many people starve, scourge and deride them because they are dumb." Yes, there are cruel people in the world, Maria.

" I like the horse best of all the animals," sings **Dolores Purcell** joyously. " He is the most intelligent of all. Horses are mostly bred in the south of Ireland. There are a lot of training stables there. Some horses are bred for working and more for hunting and racing. Some horses are thoroughbreds and more are not. A thoroughbred horse is very light and thin. We have three horses at home. Two for hunting and one for work . . . . .

There are some very big training stables in Ireland and England. Where there are blood mares they rear foals. A foal is lovely when very young. They are nice fluffy little animals. Some foals are big and others are small.

I like the Batty horse best. He is a very swift animal. The batties are very good for acting in a circus, compared with other horses. They can walk around a circus ring on their two back legs. They have very broad backs and girls can stand up on their backs while they are galloping around the circle. They would lie down at the crack of their master's whip and go to sleep."

Dolores has much more to say. Sorry there is not enough space to print it all.

PICTURE OF IRISH COUNTRYSIDE

Our Dingle friends are most faithful. Francis was delighted to receive their greetings for the National festival. **Geraldine Smith** sent an exquisite card. **Phil Rohan** and **Anne O'Connor** enclosed a beautiful picture of the Irish countryside that is simply enchanting. How could anyone emigrate from such a lovely land, so peaceful and full of God's grace. The Mission Editor and Francis return a happy warm greeting to **Celeste O'Keeffe.** I am sure the Bishop was charmed to hear **Cecilia Moran** and our Dingle friends singing ' The Bells of Lourdes ' so joyously. Thank you, **Patricia O'Sullivan,** for your kind, generous thought. **Mary Rose Kennedy** rejoices over her prize winning.

There is a very appreciative letter from **Marie McSweeney** of Kimmage. " I must thank you for the beautiful book, I received," she says, " I have not as yet finished reading it. What I have read however is very vivid, realistic and revealing. I am very grateful to have won such a book as this in the Centenary year of Our Lady's Apparition at Lourdes." We hope Marie will be often lucky. Her essays are fine. **Elizabeth Barry** is also a happy prize-winner who likes her book too. " We pray for the black babies and the Missions here very often, she informs us. " We had a collection for them at the beginning of the term." You are wonderful workers in your famous school.

The following competitors are highly commended : **Elizabeth Barry, Frances Ramsbottom, Margaret Melia, Frances Troy, Mary Healy, Mary Ryan.**

Competitors aged fourteen should compete in the Under 18 years section.

COMPETITION

(Under 18)

ESSAY : " THE POEMS I LIKE BEST, AND WHY."

(Under 14)

ESSAY : " THE JOYS OF HOME LIFE."

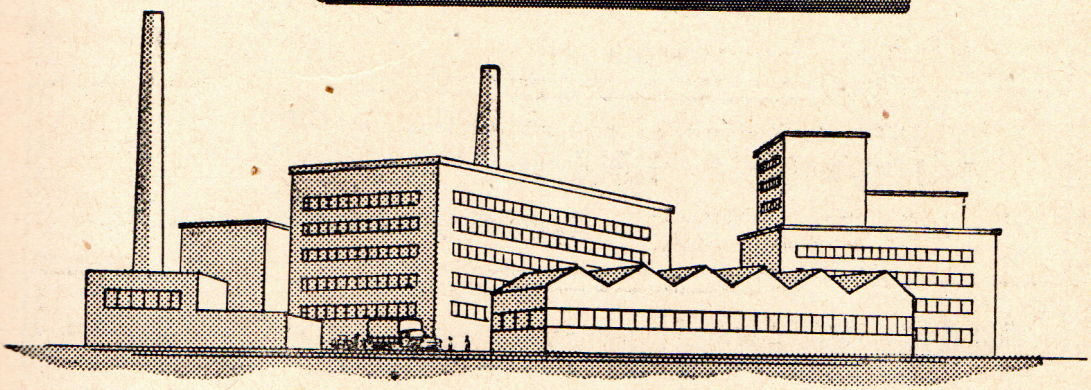
(SEND BEFORE JUNE 1st)

Francis awards prizes this month to : **MARY FINUCANE, Pres. Convent, Dingle.**

DOLORES PURCELL, Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Laoighis.

Fr. Mac's runner-up prizes go to : **MARIA McEVOY, ANNE MARIE O'LOUGHLIN, Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Laoighis.**

"Esso for Extra"



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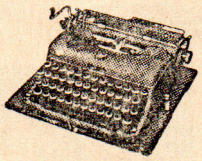

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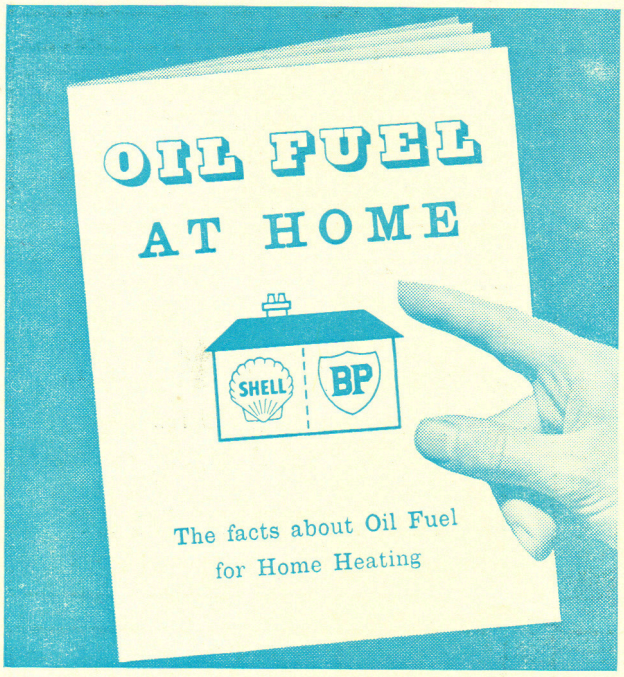

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ST. PAUL. Claude Tresmontant.

ST. AUGUSTINE. Henri Marrou.

MASTER ECKHART. Jeanne Ancelet-Hustache.

London : Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. PP. 190 each. 6/- net each.

These three volumes are the first of a projected new series under the general title *Men of Wisdom*.

It may be thought that little remains to be said about St. Paul, for all that is written of him must be based upon the Acts and Epistles. Nevertheless this slim volume has admirable merit, and may well serve as an introductory study to larger works. The divisions are excellent. Having placed the Apostle in his time, place and background, the author deals in broad outline with the design and purpose of God's work, and the significance of Paul's life in this respect. Finally chapters deal with his three missionary journeys, the Jerusalem Conference, and the last journey from Jerusalem to Rome, a voyage which has well been called " the most valuable maritime document of antiquity."

In St. Augustine Henri Marrou has attempted perhaps a more difficult task, but with equal success. The preliminary section deals with his life and works, and this is followed by an excellent pen-portrait. A well-chosen selection of texts serves as a sample of his style, for, as the author observes, " The enormous extent of St. Augustine's works, and still more their variety, make it difficult to present a concise account of them." (p. 47). The last section attempts a judicious estimate of the influence of St. Augustine through the ages.

A lesser-known subject is Master Eckhart, the Dominican mystic who exercised a profound influence on the thought of his time. It is true that tragedy darkened his later years, but his personal character was beyond reproach. His genius and originality as a thinker have always been recognised, but not all minds were able to understand or assimilate his teaching.

All three volumes are lavishly illustrated and should prove welcome to a discerning circle of readers.

E.B

MARIA MONTESSORI. Her Life and Work. By E. M. Standing. London : Hollis & Carter, 25 Ashley Place, S.W.1. pp. 354. 21/-.

This excellent biography, while of small interest except to educationists, will be found of real value to the latter. But perhaps ' biography ' is not quite the word to use, since Mr. Standing devotes far more space to the Dottoressa's methods than he does to the sketching of her life-story (and a remarkable story it is). As one would have expected, considerable attention is given to the special problems of children who deviate from the normal. Towards the end of the work, a thoughtful and practical comparison is instituted between the theory of Montessori and that of her renowned predecessor, Froebel.

D.C.P.

PALM SUNDAY TO EASTER DAY. By Dom Ernest Graf, O.S.B. Dublin : Clonmore & Reynolds, Ltd., Kildare St. pp. 88. 5/-.

Do not dismiss this book with the remark that you've already got a ' Holy Week Book.' The fact is that Dom Ernest does not include the actual liturgical texts in this excellent little volume. It is his aim to give a general picture of the great pageant that is Holy Week. Here is a work which should be read *before* attending the services in church and not during the actual unfolding of the liturgical actions. Thoughtful readers of this volume will approach the greatest of weeks with new interest and understanding.

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MARY. Mary's Seven Words. Mary's Seven Sorrows. By Peter Lippert, S.J. Dublin : Clonmore & Reynolds, Ltd. pp. 78. 5/6d.

This work by the noted German writer and preacher is composed of addressed delivered some years ago in Munich. Here is the author's own comment, written by him on one of the manuscripts : " These are materials for meditation, thoughts and suggestions, and the aim is that the reader should consider them further on his own, and ponder over them." Certain it is that Father Lippert has given us abundant material on which to ponder. The Seven Sorrows are excellently treated, but, for our part, we found ' Mary's Seven Words ' even more helpful and inspiring. We wish this little book the large sale which its merit deserves.

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ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. By Olive M. Scanlan. Clonmore & Reynolds. pp. 62. 4/6d.

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ST. CLARE OF ASSISI. A Memorial of Her Life and a Commentary on Her Virtues. By a Poor Clare Colettine. Dublin : Clonmore & Reynolds, Ltd. pp. 72. 3/-.

PATRIOTISM. By Most Rev. W. J. Philbin, D.D., Bishop of Clonfert. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. pp. 16. 3d.

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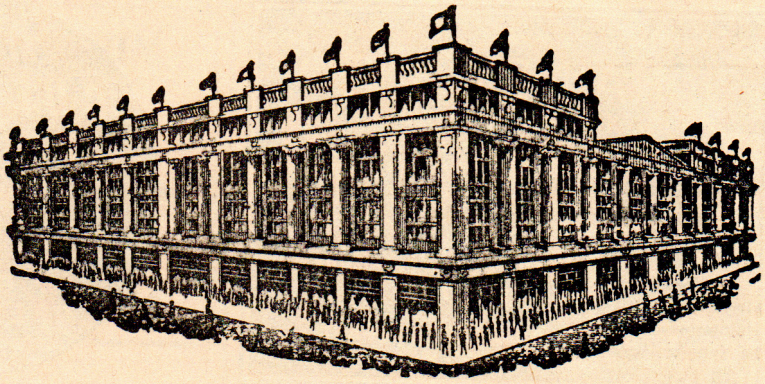

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EDITOR'S PAGE

The Double-Dealers

A BRIEF reference in our May No. to the mammoth throng of pilgrims assembled at the famous Polish shrine of Jasna Gora for the Feast of Our Lady of Czenstochowa caused some anxious questions to arise in the mind of one of our readers. "If the Red regime in Poland is as bad as it's painted," he writes, "why was that huge crowd allowed to assemble for religious purposes? And isn't it now admitted on both sides of the Iron Curtain that a new and freer atmosphere is being created by the Government?"

One must be very careful about drawing conclusions—especially when these are based on the apparent virtues of a Communist regime! True, an interesting development has taken place recently in Poland. It might be called the creation of a new intellectual climate by the authorities. This climate is supposed to be one which encourages the 'free' airing of difficulties between Church and State, and "honest discussion" between Catholics and "those of materialist world outlook." Secularism, of all things, is one of the problems the Communists are now quite pleased to talk about—as well as the toleration of religion. Party spokesmen have even admitted that in Poland Communism has come face to face with something which presents it with an insoluble difficulty. In other words, it has come up against a religion which is so much a part of the people, the nation and its history, that to attack that religion is to make war on the masses themselves.

IT can hardly be over-emphasised, however, that any official Communist cultural policy anywhere is suspect from the very beginning. We must never forget the famous zig-zags of policy which the Reds follow in obeying Lenin's dictum to "take one step backward in order to spring two steps forward." It is difficult for anyone who is not acquainted with the history of Soviet policy on cultural and religious matters to appreciate the almost unbelievable amount of duplicity which it contains. An example of the lengths to which the Party will go to maintain its control over what people think, say and write can be seen in a series of events which took place as far back as the early twenties. Communism was then new, and the excitement of revolution was still in the air. Everywhere, enthusiastic admirers and thinkers were writing public declarations about what they believed. Cultural organisations flourished, and argument was both heated and free. Then one very special organisation appeared on the scene. It was called the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers, with the wrily significant initials, RAPP. It had the wholehearted support of the Government. With quiet and sinister efficiency it undertook its task of swallowing up all similar societies. If a writer wanted to keep on writing, he had no alternative but to join RAPP. Those who refused to join were accused of deviating from the Party line. Eventually it was the only organisation for creative minds allowed to exist.

Then a most amazing thing happened: RAPP itself was liquidated, and its leaders were never heard of again. The organisation had served its wicked purpose of bringing human thought under the control of the Party; its members, even though loyal Communists, simply disappeared from the scene. This is the type of double-dealing that is part and parcel of Red policy. The Communists have used it many a time in the past. They will use it again whenever they feel that it is needed for the accomplishment of their evil designs. It is a pattern we should recall whenever we hear that freedom of thought or of religion is coming back into fashion anywhere behind the Iron Curtain.

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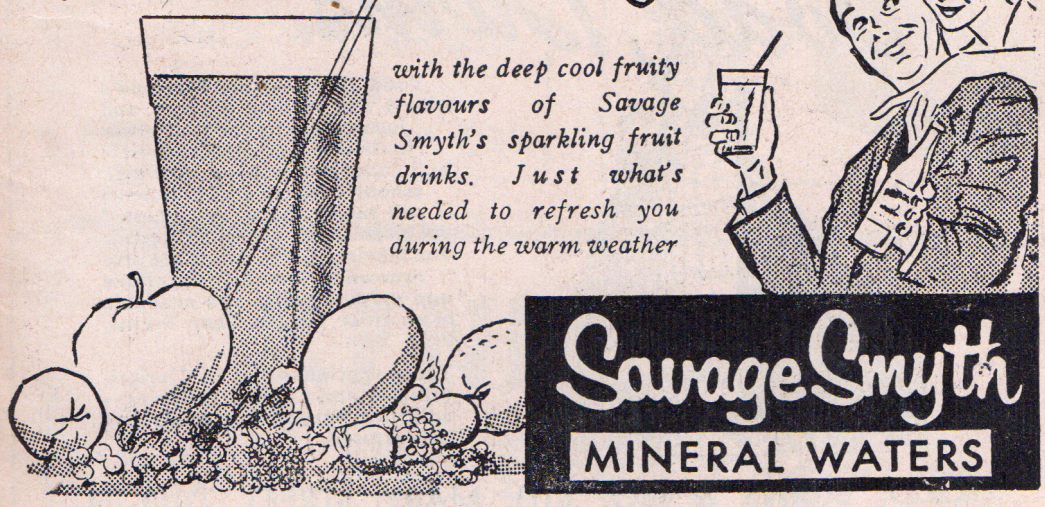

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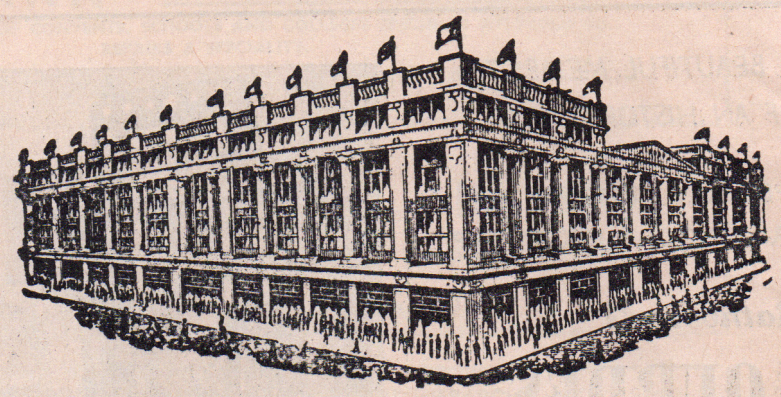

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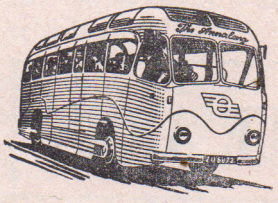

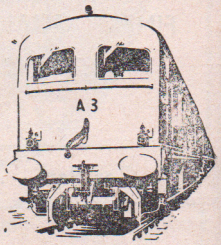

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The CROSS

Published by the Passionist Fathers

Address: Office of THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

Telephones: Dublin 91469 and 91165.

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Imprimi Potest:
✠JOANNES CAROLUS,
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EDITOR'S PAGE

WHY THE TENSION?

WE hear an amount of talk these days about what doctors call "tension." The talk became a great roar encircling the earth when President Eisenhower fell victim to a heart-attack, for the specialists who attended the eminent patient insisted that it was not physical exercise that brought on the attack, but rather tension prolonged over a period of years.

Now what creates tension? Can this damaging thing be altogether eliminated? We pose these questions not in the spirit of one who sets out to deal with a problem which it is the province of doctors to solve. There are, indeed, large segments of this "tension" question with which none but the expert physician is qualified to deal. This much, however, is certain, that it is one of the great enemies of man's health and well-being. Its victims succumb largely because they cannot help it, for tension is an emotional thing, and very few have their emotions under such control that they can deal placidly, at any given time, with any responsibility, any tragedy. Some have more control than others, and many succeed in suppressing the outward manifestation of emotion, but are unable to prevent all emotional upsurge in the presence of overwhelming events. Indeed a degree of tension is both normal and necessary, since it summons extra alertness and energy to meet an increased demand. But, allowed to pass this point, it depresses the spirit, wrecks the constitution and unfits a man for his responsibilities.

TENSION, therefore, cannot be altogether eliminated from human life, but it can be controlled by those who are willing to make a frontal attack on selfishness. Truth to tell, much tension is caused by mere naked "self-centredness." We never grow tense about wars or tragedies that do not come to our own doors. We never break down over other people's worries, about the health of those unrelated to us, about a business concern in which we have no financial interest, about grave decisions which do not affect us personally. When, some years ago, Russia began the extermination of millions of her subjects, few there were who grew tense about the agony involved. But to-day, when the Soviet stands as a threat to the entire world, tension mounts in the heart of us all. Obviously, therefore, a huge amount of "self" lies hidden behind our worries. The fact is that, as we reduce our anxiety about ourselves, our pride, our property, our career, we lower the degree of tension in our lives.

This, of course, is no new discovery of some learned psychiatrist. It is part and parcel of a sermon preached by Our Lord Himself: "Be not solicitous . . . ." And there is the further advice of the Saviour: "Do not sit down in the chief place . . . Go straight to the lowest place and sit down there." This is not to say that if we give practical attention to the counsels of Christ that we shall have nothing to endure. Far from it, since suffering of some sort—physical or mental—is part of the divine plan for all of us. But if we listen to the voice of Christ, our sufferings will have upon them the ennobling mark of His Saving Cross and not the ugly, deforming stamp of our own selfishness. The custom of making—and meaning—our Morning Offering was not bequeathed to us by an advanced school of psychiatists but by our own parents. Through that daily offering, we place ourselves, our work, our frustrations, our suffering in the hands of a loving Father Who is more concerned even than we about our real welfare.

FATHER DERMOT, C.P.